お気楽主人と有能執事の
愛すべきおまぬけコメディ
from London

連載
第2回

プリーズ、ジーヴス

ジーヴス・ワールドを
お届けするカラー記事つき♪

お金だけは(!?)持ってる
青年貴族・バーティーが臨む
"紳士のたしなみ"の成功は、

マーベラスな執事・
ジーヴスが握ってる!?

作画 勝田文 Bun Katsuta

THE INIMITABLE JEEVES by P.G.Wodehouse
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訳：森村たまき（国書刊行会刊「比類なきジーヴス」より）

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バーティー＆ジーヴスの暮らす街、ロンドンはこちら！

This is the London where Bertie and Jeeves live!

London is a place where many buildings from the past are still in use. We heard that there was a real model for Bertie's flat, so we were off to see it! Let's get a glimpse of the world of Bertie and his friends.

(Illustrator: Katsuta Bun)

London

これがバーティーのフラットのモデルと言われる建物！

This is the building said to be the model for Bertie's flat!

This is the sort of club that Bertie and Bingo would visit.

This is a gentlemen's social club.

紳士の社交場、クラブです

こちらは恐怖のアガサ伯母さんのフラット！

This is the dreaded Aunt Agatha's flat!

(Located a few minute's walk from Bertie's flat...)

A real afternoon tea. The flavor and the tableware are both marvelous.

本場のアフタヌーンティー♥

England's famous fish and chips!

イギリス名物フィッシュ＆チップス！

It's so much bigger than we imagined!

Country Town

郊外にも出てみると…

The bridge where Bertie pushed Oswald in the last installment!

We explore the countryside as well...

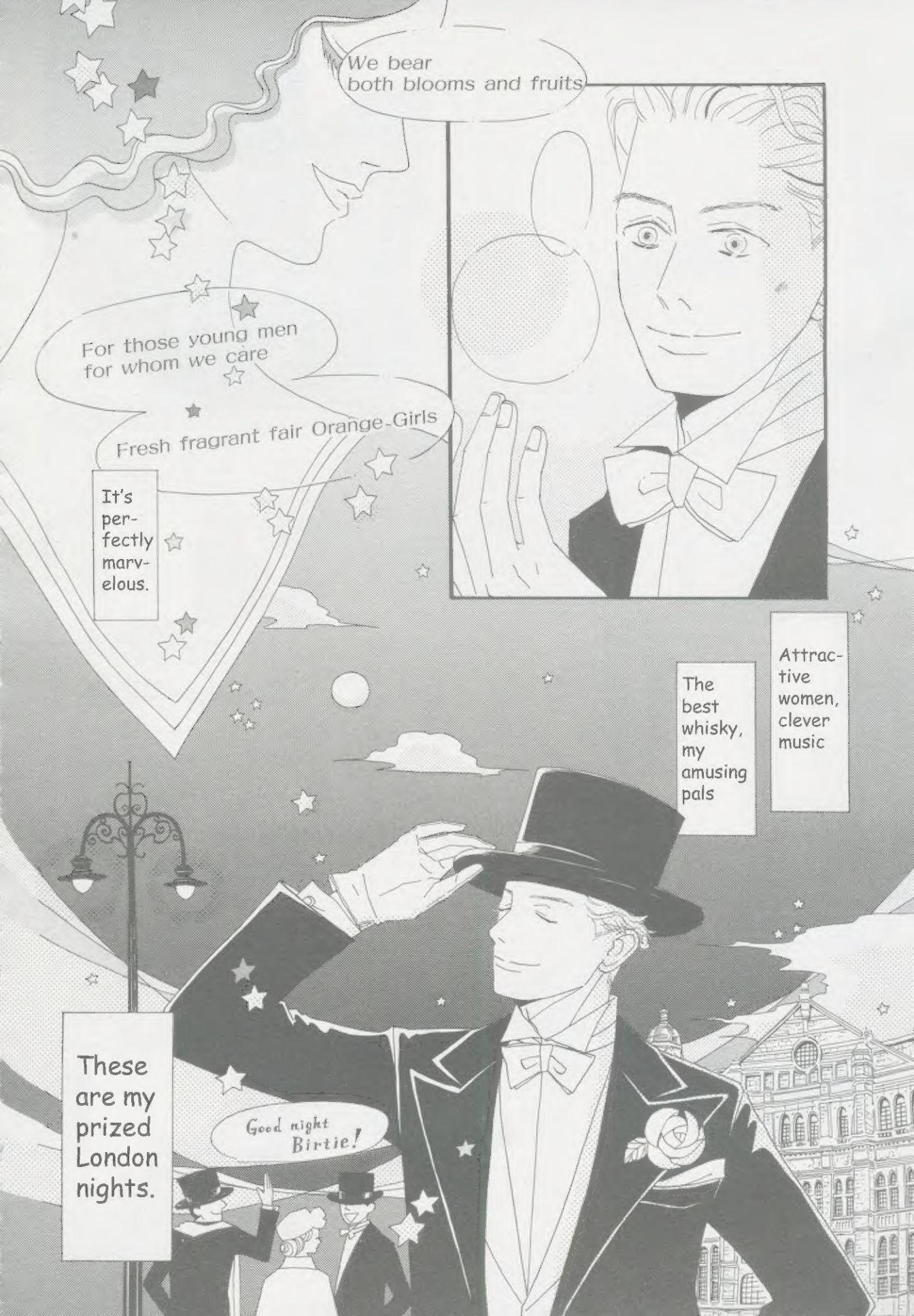
田舎にある貴族の屋敷

The country homes of the nobility are this big and gorgeous!

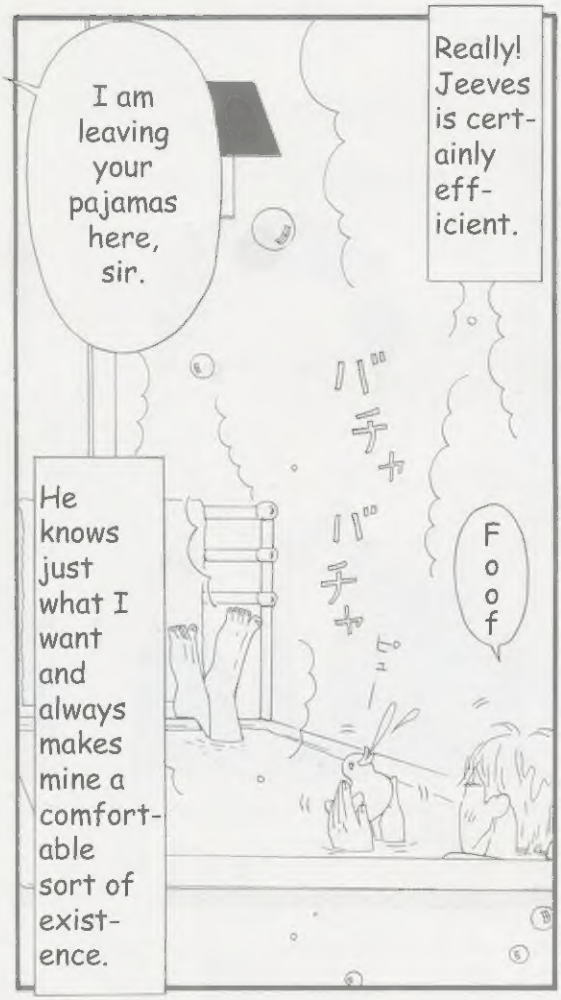
In the next issue of Melody (for August), there will be a manga of Ms. Katsuta's report on her research trip to London! It'll be loaded with photos, so just hang on!

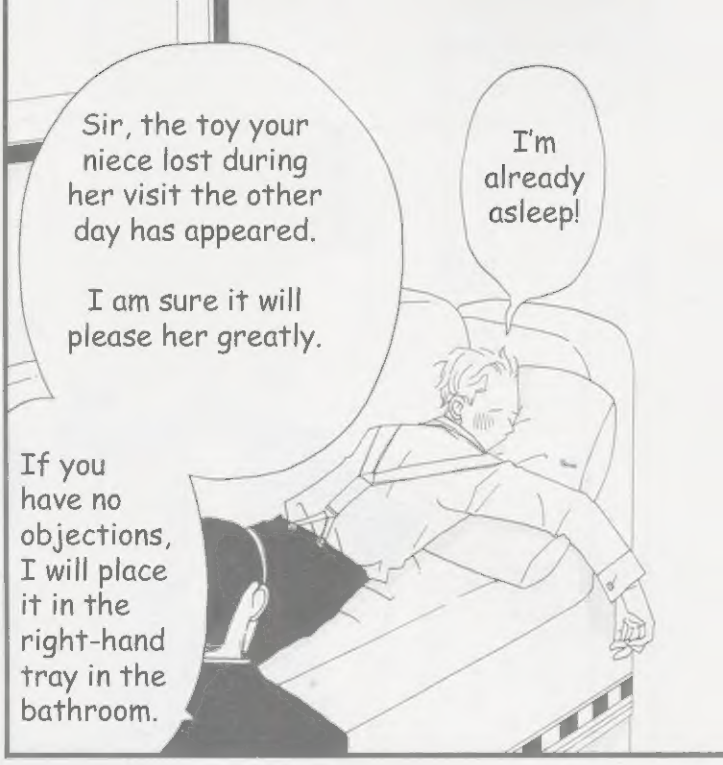
Look forward to it!

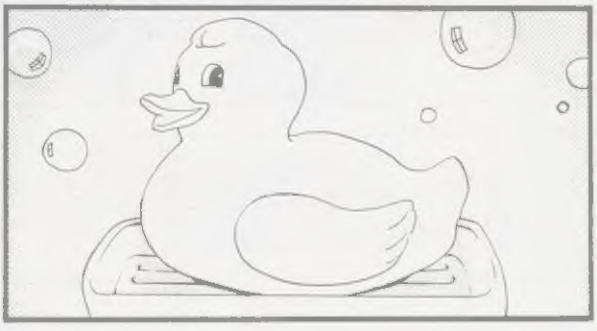
ズン
チャ
チャン
ズン
PALACE
チャッ
ニャーン
Sweet little Orange Girls
Orange-Girl!!
ワーア。
What a nice sprightly feast!


We bear
both blooms and fruits
For those young men
for whom we care
Fresh fragrant fair Orange-Girls
It's perfectly marvelous.
Attractive women, clever music
The best whisky, my amusing pals
These are my prized London nights.
Good night Birtie!

Ah, Jeeves!
The review at the Palace was bally fantastic! "Orange Girls", it was.
They'd throw these wool oranges while they sang, you know. And then the lyrics were topping.
Welcome home, sir.
You should drink some water, sir.
If you do not, I am afraid your condition tomorrow morning will not be pleasant.
Once you have bathed you may sleep as long as you like.
I believe you may have imbibed a bit too freely, sir.
No doubt.
I'm off to sleep!
--Anyway, with that sort of feel.
Oh, orange... We're... something something orange... Something-umpting-tumpty-tumpty...


I am leaving your pajamas here, sir.
Really! Jeeves is certainly efficient.
He knows just what I want and always makes mine a comfortable sort of existence.
Foof


Sir, the toy your niece lost during her visit the other day has appeared.
I am sure it will please her greatly.
If you have no objections, I will place it in the right-hand tray in the bathroom.
I'm already asleep!

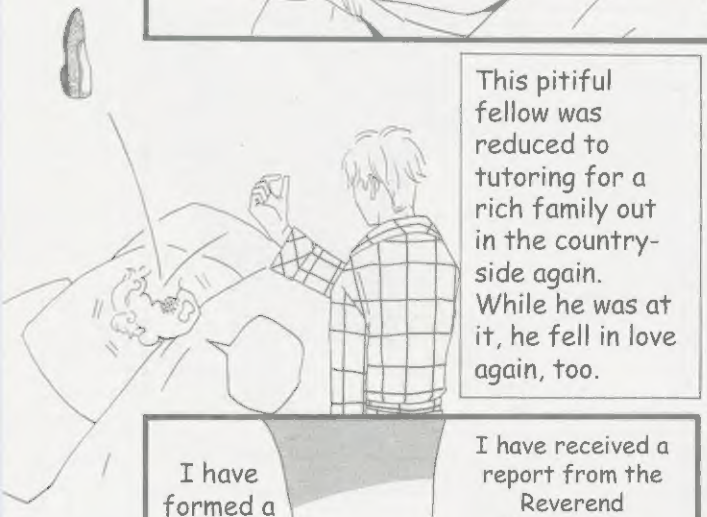


スー…
スー…

All right then, time to sleep.
Jeeves is my absolutely perfect valet.

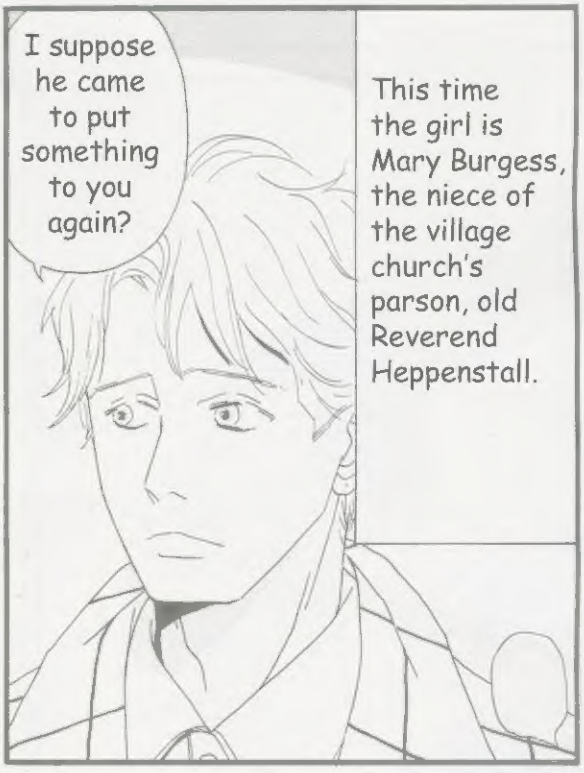
……
スー…

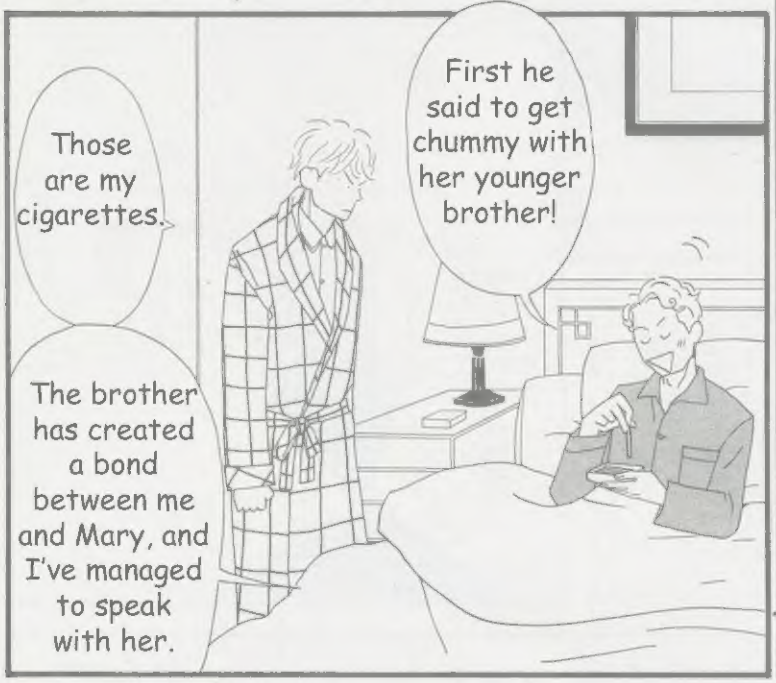
Jeeves, what's this?
I apologize, sir.
Some time ago Mr. Little stopped by unexpectedly. I prepared the bed in the spare room, but...
He appears to have seized the opp-ortunity and fallen asleep.

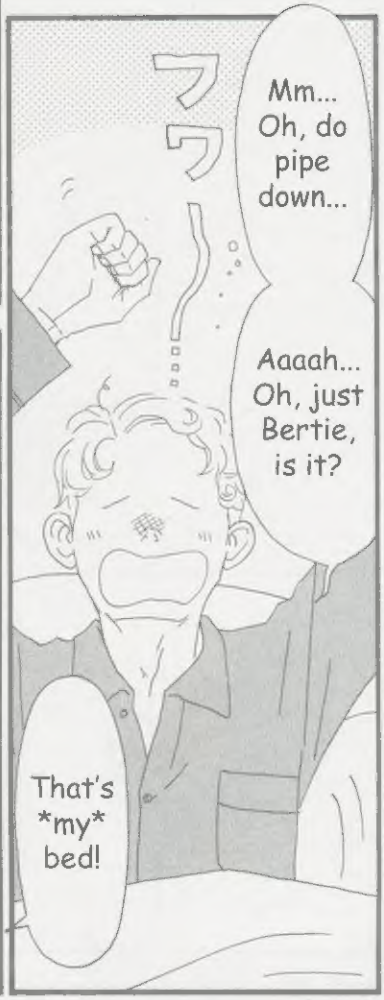


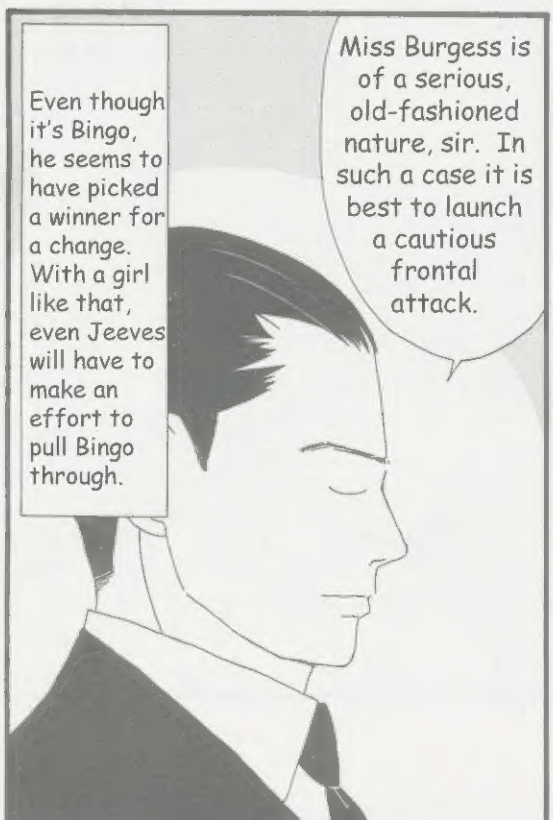
This pitiful fellow was reduced to tutoring for a rich family out in the country-side again. While he was at it, he fell in love again, too.

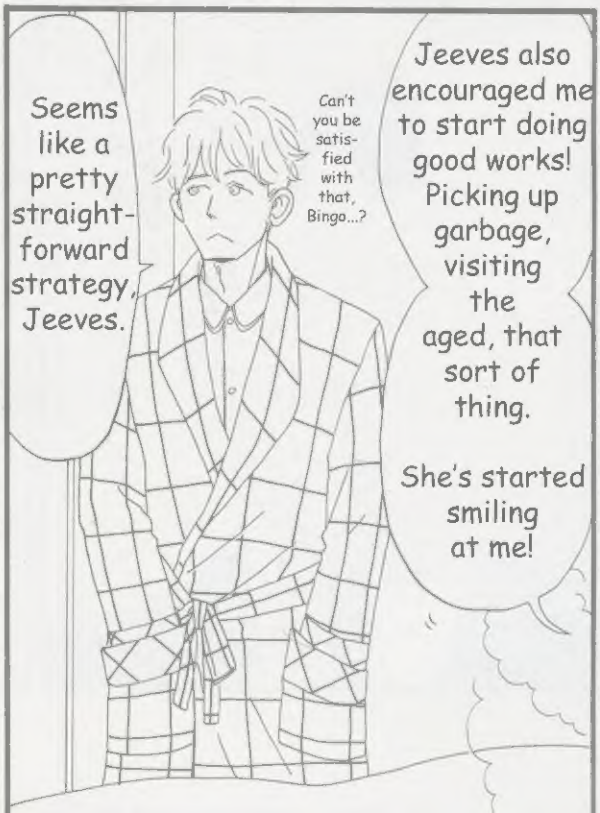
I have formed a somewhat close friendship with the butler, Brookfield.
I have received a report from the Reverend Heppenstall's butler that the relationship between Miss Burgess and Mr. Little is progressing in a satisfactory manner.


I suppose he came to put something to you again?
This time the girl is Mary Burgess, the niece of the village church's parson, old Reverend Heppenstall.



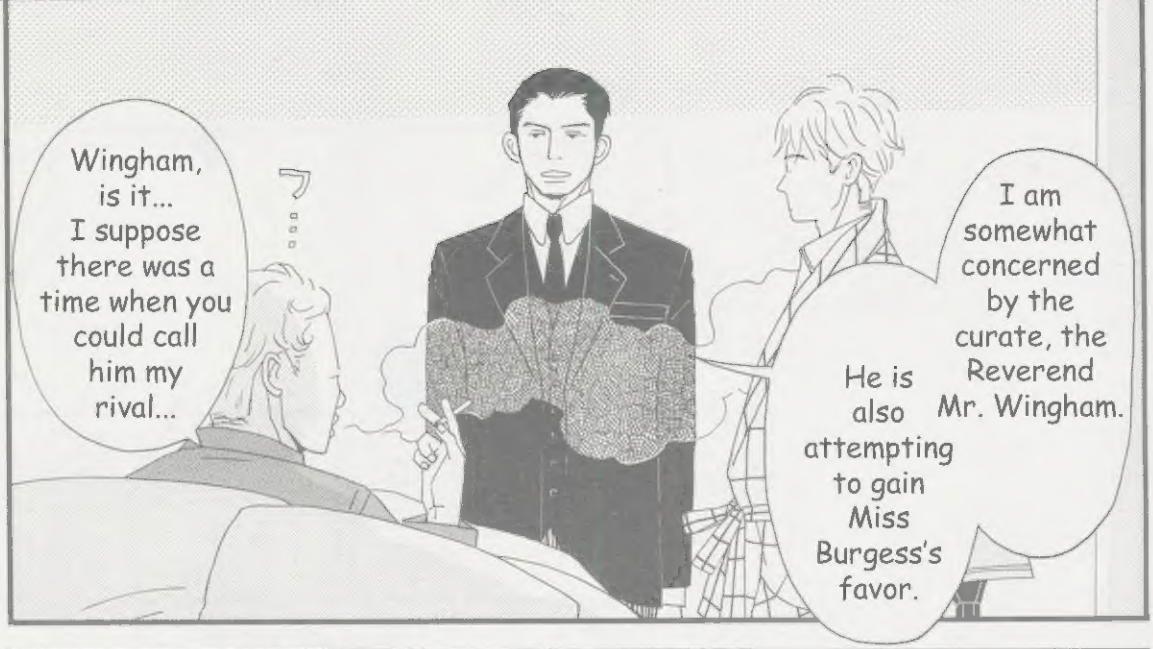






STORY

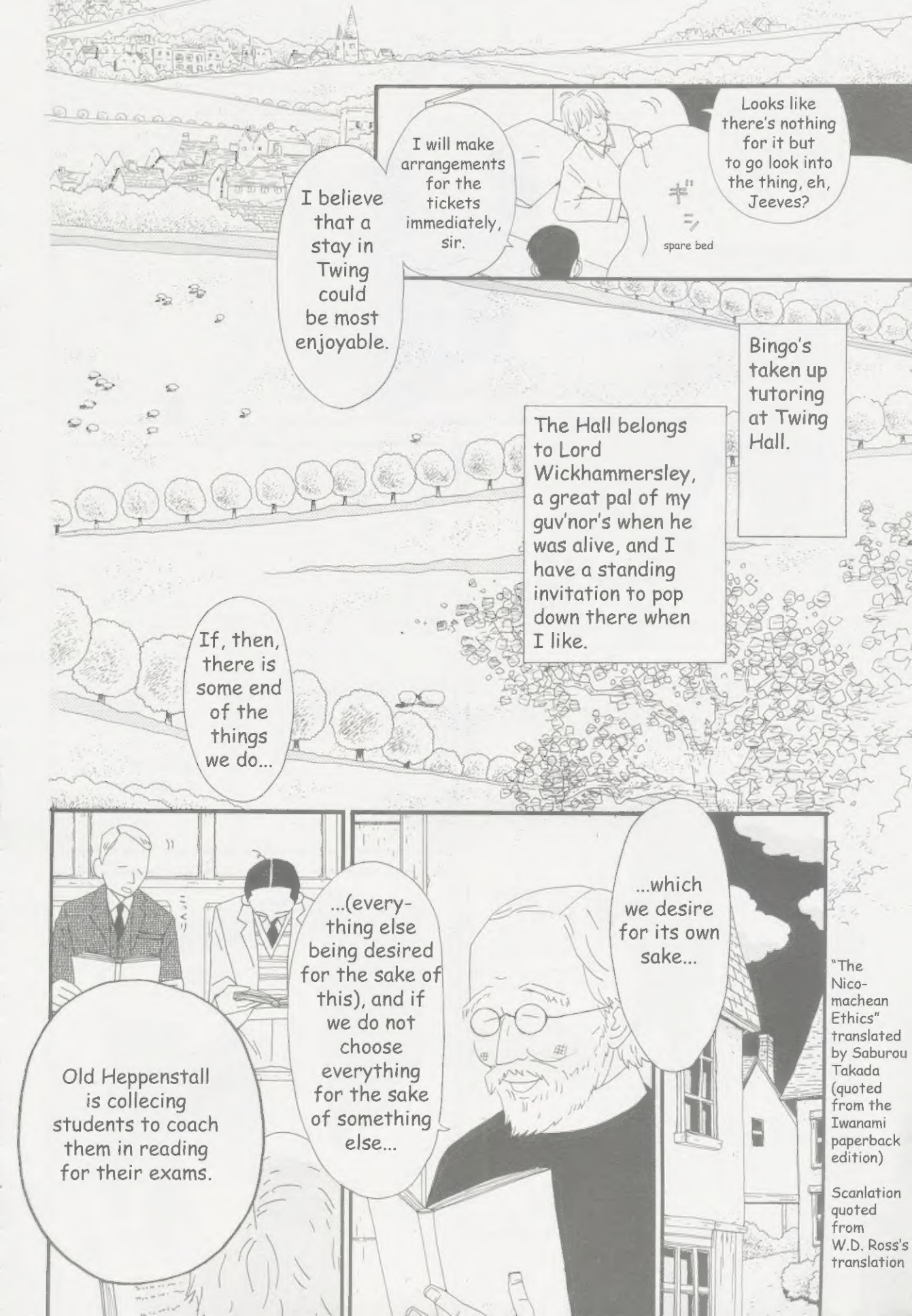
時は20世紀前半。ロンドンに暮らす青年貴族のバーティーは、お人よしでちょっと抜けてるご主人様。そんな彼に仕えるのは執事・ジーヴス。どこまでも完璧なジーヴスと、唯一バーティーが相容れないのは服装のセンスのみ。有能執事がいるのに、バーティーにはトラブルが絶えないようで!?


Wingham, is it... I suppose there was a time when you could call him my rival...
I am somewhat concerned by the curate, the Reverend Mr. Wingham.
He is also attempting to gain Miss Burgess's favor.

You may or may not know there's going to be a school-treat in Twing next week.
I'm not much of one for village school-treats.
You'll lose out, then!
We have a chance to make a bundle!
I'll tell you more about the business tomorrow.
Goodnight, then.

If it's all going as smoothly as you say, why did you come up to London - and my bed, for that matter?
Stop dropping the ash.
But now Mary and I have a much stronger bond!
As it happens, Wingham's got the mumps! All he does is sleep!

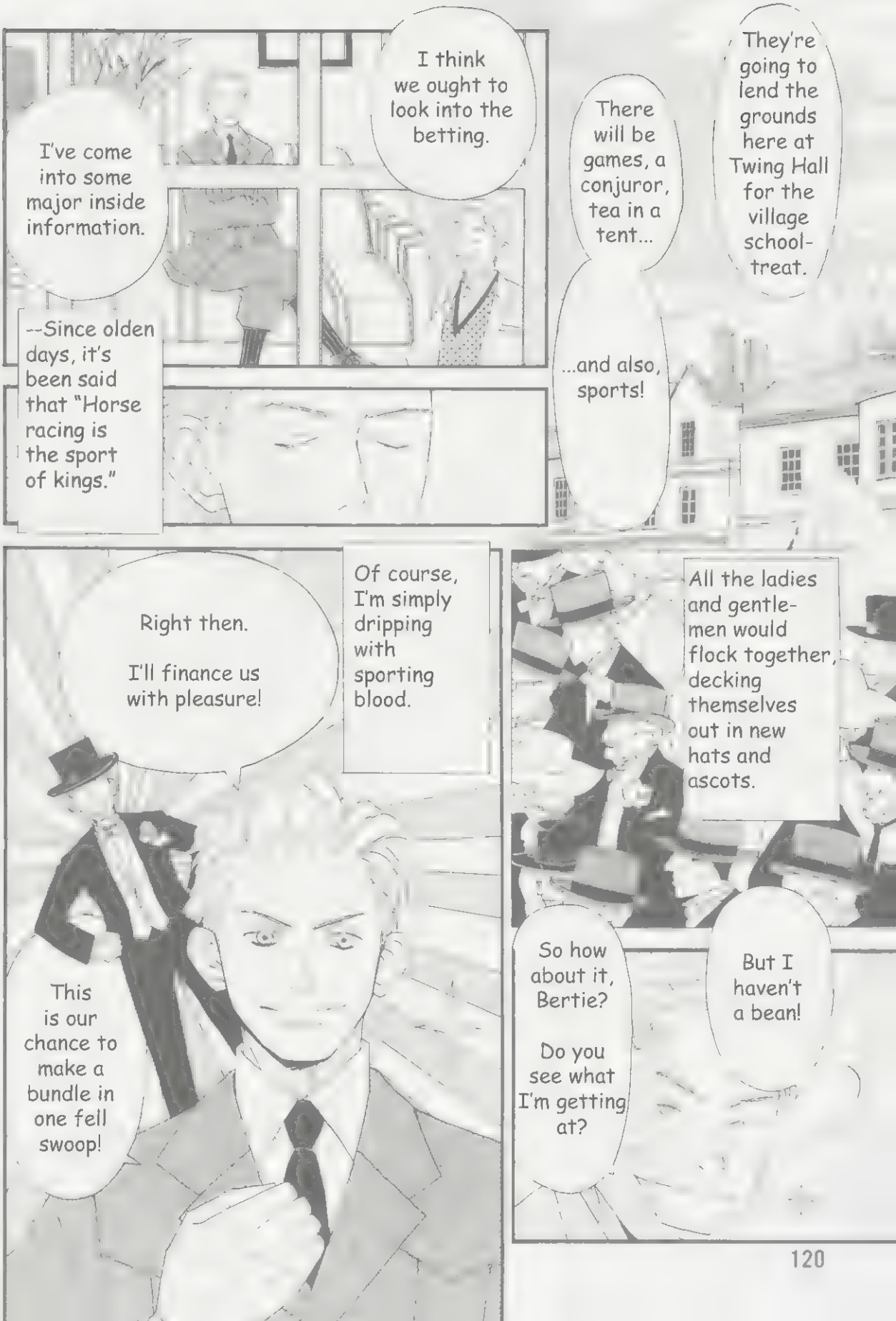
Also, I wanted to invite you to come down.
I came up to town on business.


Looks like there's nothing for it but to go look into the thing, eh, Jeeves?
I will make arrangements for the tickets immediately, sir.
spare bed
I believe that a stay in Twing could be most enjoyable.
Bingo's taken up tutoring at Twing Hall.
The Hall belongs to Lord Wickhammersley, a great pal of my guv'nor's when he was alive, and I have a standing invitation to pop down there when I like.
If, then, there is some end of the things we do...
...which we desire for its own sake...
...(everything else being desired for the sake of this), and if we do not choose everything for the sake of something else...
Old Heppenstall is collecing students to coach them in reading for their exams.

"The Nicomachean Ethics" translated by Saburou Takada (quoted from the Iwanami paperback edition)

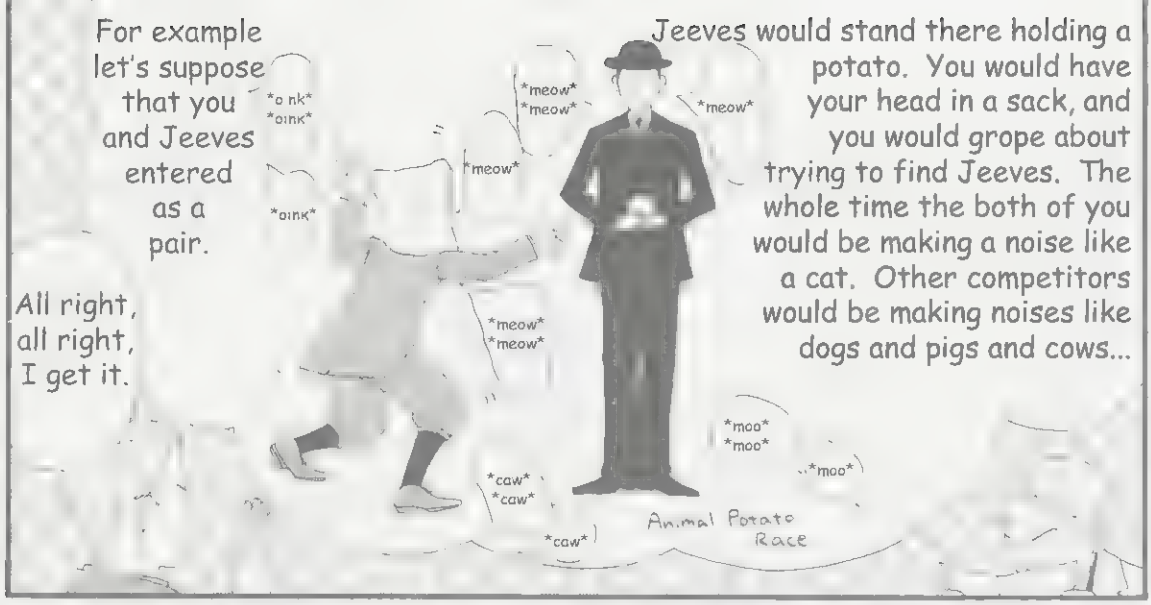
Scanlation quoted from W.D. Ross's translation

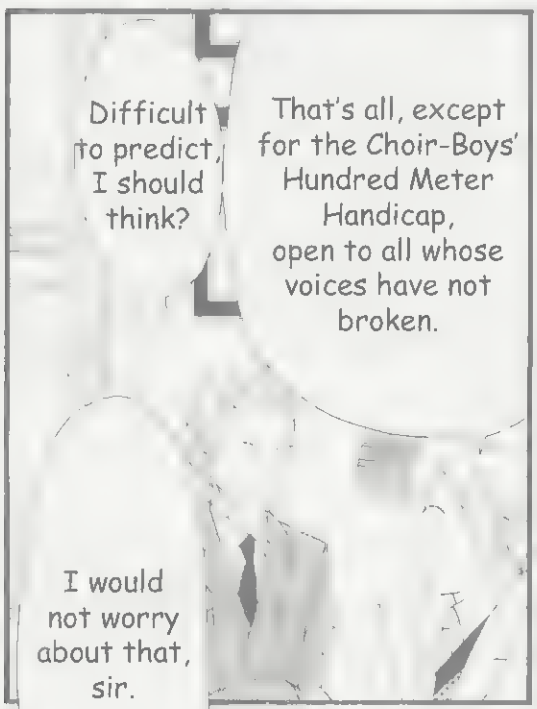
See here, just how many people do you know in this village?
Well, thank you, thank you!
Give it your best shot!
Mr. Little!
A chap called Steggles is one of the reading-party too.
Ah, I used to read with him myself at one time. He got me through my university graduate exams. You gather he's a bit of a hummer.
Hey, Little! Doing well?
Dashed if I know. It's some village greeting, perhaps. But still, I'd certainly try!
What are they telling you to give your best shot?
Ah, look! It's him!
You can place bets either at ante-post odds or starting price, whichever you prefer.
Here's the race-card for the horses in the race.
Well then, good luck!
Well, hello there.
That rat-faced, stingy fellow - he's never up to anything good, and he thinks rather a lot of himself.
Still, you have to give him credit for getting this idea.
Hmm. I suppose you'll be wanting to get on board, too?
Hello, Steggles. This here is Wooster.

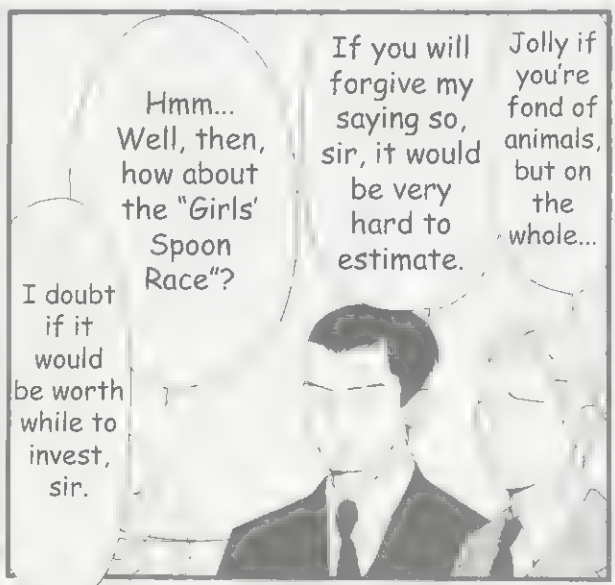

I've come into some major inside information.
I think we ought to look into the betting.
--Since olden days, it's been said that "Horse racing is the sport of kings."
There will be games, a conjuror, tea in a tent...
They're going to lend the grounds here at Twing Hall for the village school-treat.
...and also, sports!
All the ladies and gentle-men would flock together, decking themselves out in new hats and ascots.
Right then.
I'll finance us with pleasure!
Of course, I'm simply dripping with sporting blood.
This is our chance to make a bundle in one fell swoop!
So how about it, Bertie?
Do you see what I'm getting at?
But I haven't a bean!

So then, Bingo, what's this inside information?
The Mothers' Sack Race is a sure thing!
Mrs. Penworthy, the tobacconist's wife! I was buying cigarettes yesterday, and she told me she had won three times in races in neighboring villages.
Jeeves, gather 'round!
So this is why he had me biff down to Twing.
We're forming a syndicate! I supply the money, you supply the brains.
Good man, Bertie!
What other sorts of races are there?
Let's see.
Hmm...
Ah! This is a good one. "Animal Potato Race."
Mothers' Sack Race
All right, then!
Risk a tenner each way, what?
I think so, sir.
She only moved to these parts a short time ago, so nobody knows about her. She promised me she would keep herself dark.
Eh? That's a new one to me.
What's that?
Rather sporting. The competitors enter in couples, each couple being assigned an animal.

次号 MELODY 8月号
お伽もよう綾にしき
絶対ヤセる平安ダイエット中
ひかわきょうこ
6月28日(土)発売

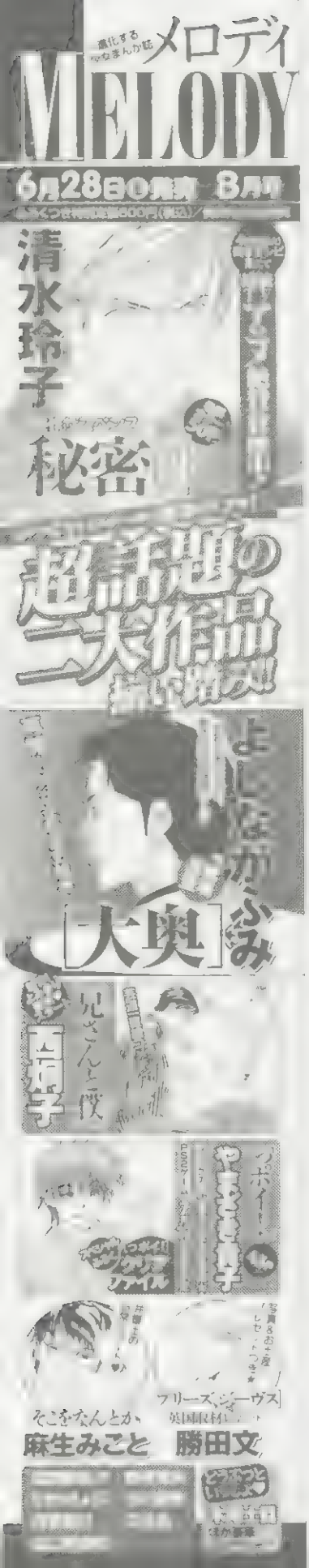






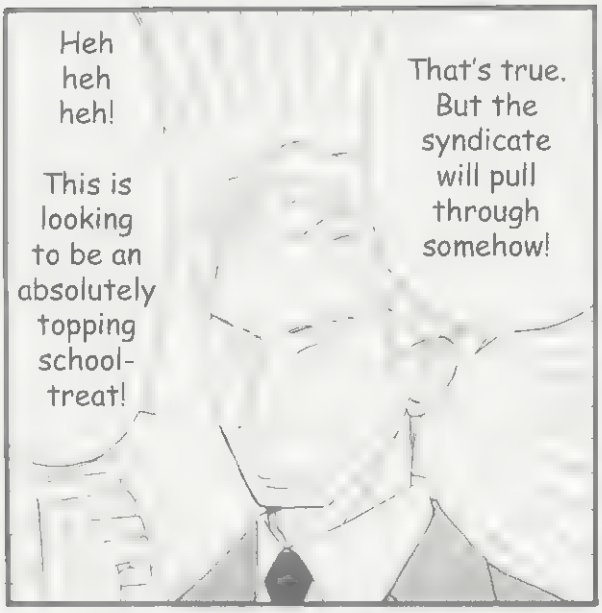
白泉社のコミックス
大好評発売中
しゃべれども しゃべれども
作画 勝田文
原作 佐藤多佳子
Bell
白泉社

白泉社のコミックス
大好評発売中
かわたれの街
お目当ての人は、料理教室の先生（ハツイチ）。スローフードLOVEストーリー！
勝田文
白泉社


進化する
少女まんが誌
メロディ
MELODY
6月28日(木)発売 8月号
清水玲子
秘密
超話題の二大作品
一挙掲載!!
よしながふみ
「大奥」
兄さんと僕
フリーズ・ジーヴス
英国紳士
麻生みこと
勝田文

ビュン
I don't know nothin'!
Don't play dumb with me! You'll be punished for this
ドスドスドス
!?
I don't know anything about it!
See here, Harold! You've been up to no good again!

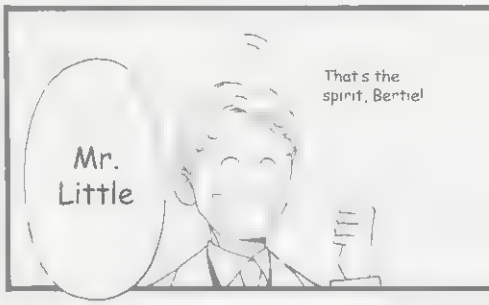
No discussion!
The Wooster shirt goes on this boy!
Very good, sir.
Jeeves...

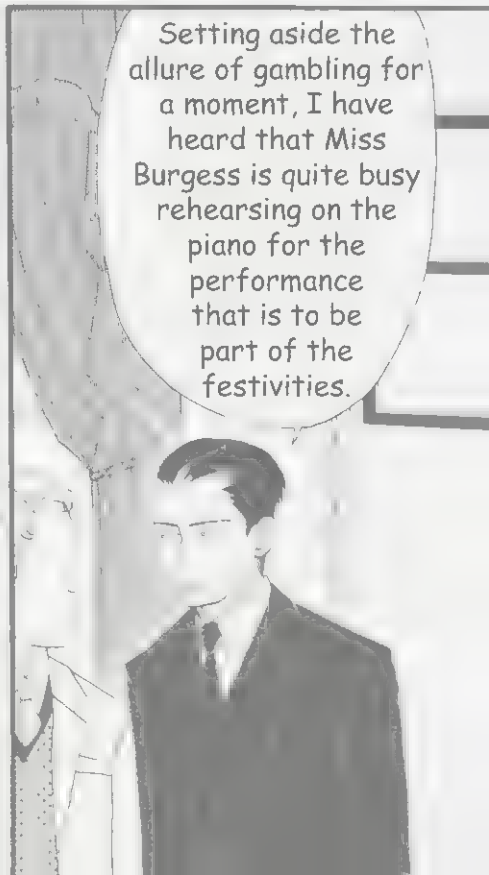

Heh heh heh!
This is looking to be an absolutely topping school-treat!
That's true. But the syndicate will pull through somehow!

Choir-Boy's Hundred Meter Handicap	Mother's Sack Race
Harold	Mrs. Penworthy

However, we must be careful not to draw the bookkeeper's attention by placing too large a wager in a small, rural race.

I believe that if you were to go and nonchalantly offer your assistance, it could only increase the young lady's confidence in you.
Jeeves!




Setting aside the allure of gambling for a moment, I have heard that Miss Burgess is quite busy rehearsing on the piano for the performance that is to be part of the festivities.

Just as you say, sir.
If Bingo really does manage to win Mary over somehow, she's going to have the same difficulties we do, isn't she, Jeeves.
Hello, Mr. Little.
Wingham!
Your measles cleared up already?
Sis!
No, no, it was nothing! We've gotten rather attached to each other, that's all!
Oh, what's this? Mr. Little was playing with you again, wasn't he?

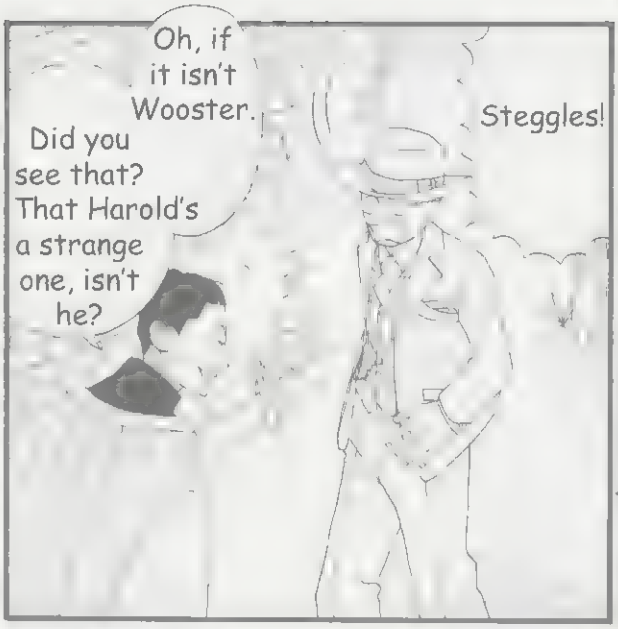
Mr. Little-
Leave Mary to me!
No, no. No trouble! You should take it easy and rest for a long, long time.
Sorry for all the trouble, but I'm all better now, so...
Mr. Little has also been very enthusiastic about preparing the musical score.
I heard that Mr. Little has been making the arrangements for the children's show in Wingham's place.
Heh heh heh. Mary, I'll show you something worth seeing!
Harold, come here a minute! I'll give you some sweets.
Oh, really? You must hurry back.
Lord Wick-hammer-sley is calling.
--But I'm bound to say that there are things about him that could be improved.
Bingo's a sound old egg.
Nobody is more alive to that than I am.
Would you believe that a pig can travel at the speed of sound.

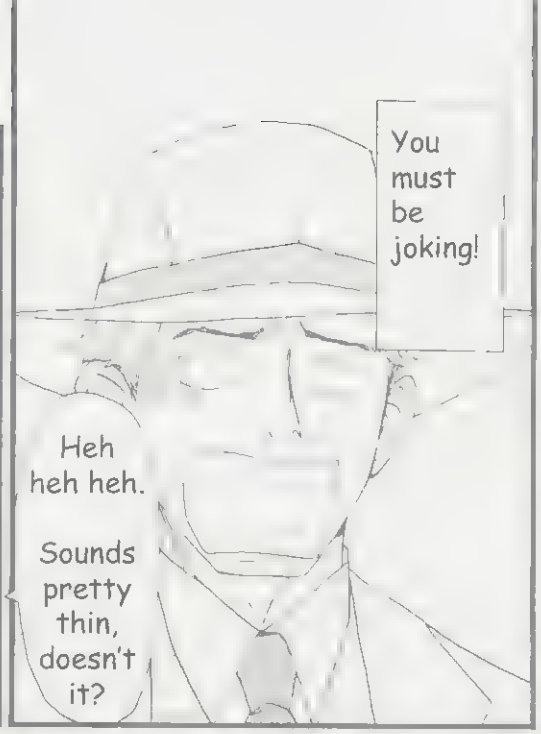
What? Lord Wickhammersley was looking for you, you know. Probably to do with your tutoring.
I know, I know. I'll go in a minute.
It's just that there was the funniest thing just now!
Bertie! Bertie!
Even in something like this, he's relying soley on my unique virtues.
I wonder why it is that I end up having to look after fellows like him.
Good heavens!
You didn't let Harold spring in front of Steggles?
I mean the face Steggles pulled when he saw Harold sprint!
He was absolutely dumbfounded!
What? Steggles?
What do you mean?
I wish you could have seen the idiotic look on Steggle's face!
I mean...!
We've already got our bet in, so...
What's the problem?
.....
Eh? No! I just thought I'd have him run to show Mary, and Steggles just happened by...

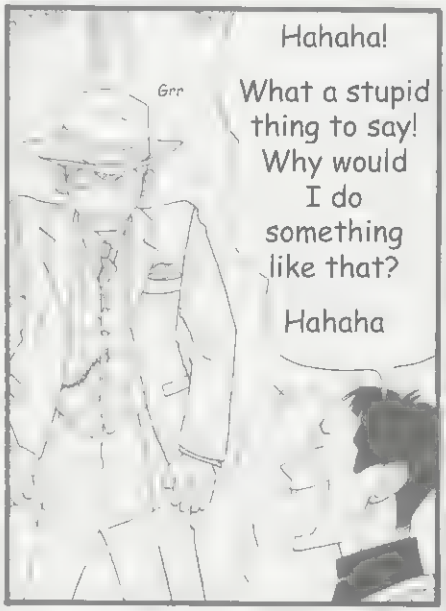
They say that Steggles is pretty scheming.
Good Lord!
Until the day after to-morrow, Harold will require a guard, sir.
I believe it is very likely that Mr. Steggles will set about sabotaging Harold's entry before the race.
I say, Bingo.
If we just keep Harold from turning out, that'll settle the matter.
All right, All right.
Besides, I just found out that tomorrow I have to go out with the little blighter I'm tutoring.
I'm busy getting ready for the show.
Calm down! It's not as though we need to stick to the boy like a plaster.
Keep it down, would you?
We won't be back until the day after tomrrow, just before the race. Bertie, what are we going to do?
But tomorrow Harold and Steggles will be singing together in the choir!

That infernal kid is a marked man! All he has to do is miss choir one more time, and he'll be thrown out! That idiot Steggles!
And so Our Lord Jesus Christ told Peter of his fate...
If you ask me, no one seemed particularly worked up at the service, but I suppose it couldn't be helped.
...suggesting that he would be hung upon the cross.
...
Ah, maybe this dazzling peace and quiet is just what I'd been wanting--
EEEE!!!
It's peaceful
The peasants are all relaxed, and the children are coma-tose.

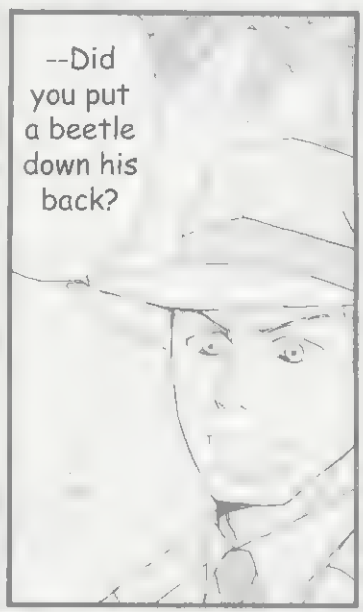
What brought *that* on?
It-it's on my back!
EEEEE
That child just suddenly started making the most awful noise!
What on Earth?
EEE!! EEEEE!
Harold! To do such a thing in the middle of a holy service!
EEEE!
A bug, a bug!
Hurry and take him away!
My back- a bug, a bug!
Harold?
You cease from this moment to be a member of this choir! Go! You miserable child!
Nonsense!
This is no time to talk about your skin!
I got a sensitive skin!
Your behavior today was un-forgivable!
It was buzzing and wriggling around on my back...
Somebody put a beetle down my back!

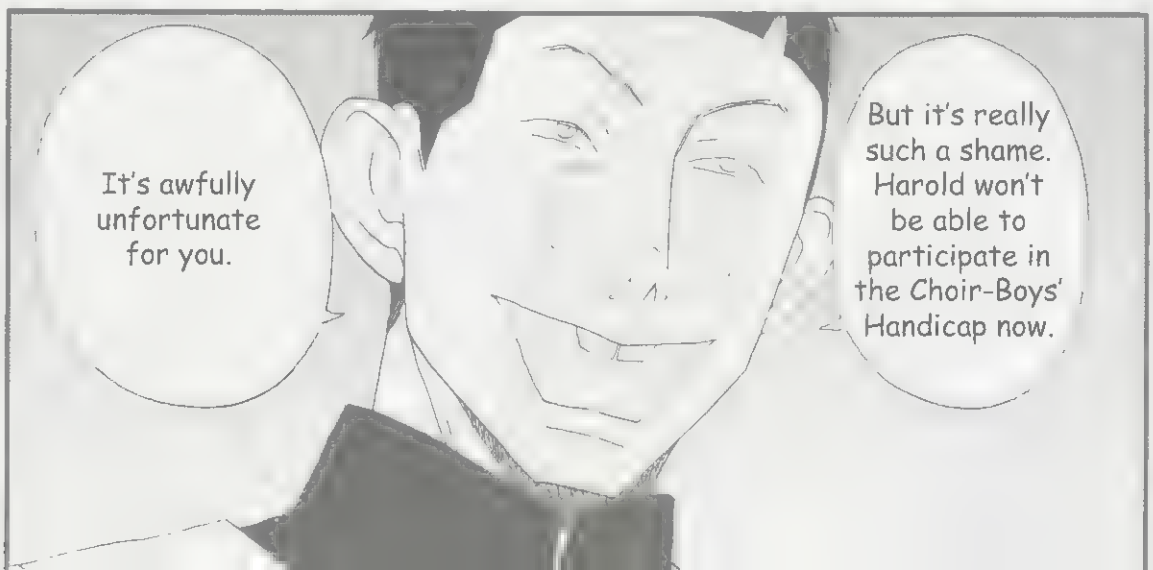

Oh, if it isn't Wooster.
Steggles!
Did you see that? That Harold's a strange one, isn't he?


You must be joking!
Heh heh heh.
Sounds pretty thin, doesn't it?


Grr
Hahaha!
What a stupid thing to say! Why would I do something like that?
Hahaha

Heh. You think it was me?
Me?


--Did you put a beetle down his back?


It's awfully unfortunate for you.
But it's really such a shame. Harold won't be able to participate in the Choir-Boys' Handicap now.

There is nothing to be done for it.
He's a bally swindler! You're awfully composed about all this, Jeeves!
We must rely entirely upon Mrs. Penworthy in the Mothers' Sack Race.
An ingenious young gentleman, Mr. Steggles, sir.
.....
On the big favorite, Sarah Mills?
No, sir. On a long-priced outsider.
Little Prudence Baxter, sir, the gardener's child.
I suppose it can't be helped that we'll break even at best?
If she has portrayed her abilities accurately, our gains will just balance our losses.
Before Mr. Little departed, I persuaded him to invest a small sum for the syndicate on the Girls' Spoon Race.
It is just possible that we may still turn a profit, sir.

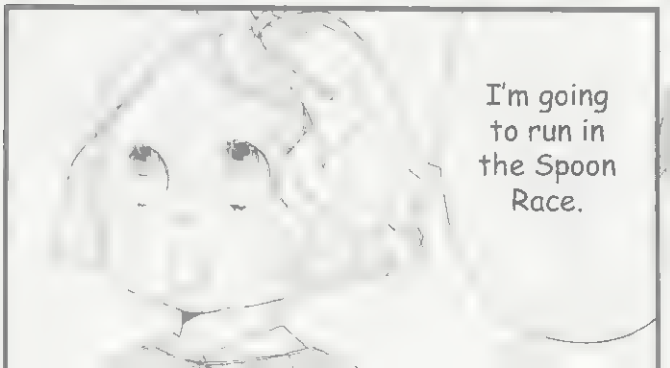
I am aware that it is what is termed a long shot, sir.
Well, that sounds as if her control is good, but how about speed...?
Still, I thought it was judicious.
Her father informs me that she has never spilled a drop.
I am given to understand that she is accustomed to bring him his mug of beer from the cottage each afternoon.
Somehow everything you do turns out perfectly.
Well, I suppose it's all right.
Thank you very much, sir.

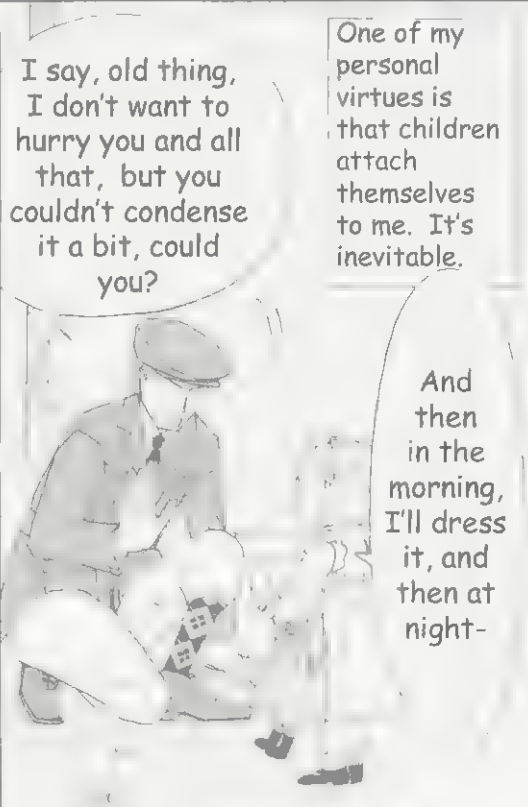
My idea of a good afternoon is to keep as far away from a village school-treat and its seething mass of children as possible.
LOST CHILDREN HERE
But with such grave issues at hand, it's a different story.
ALL THE FUN OF THE FA

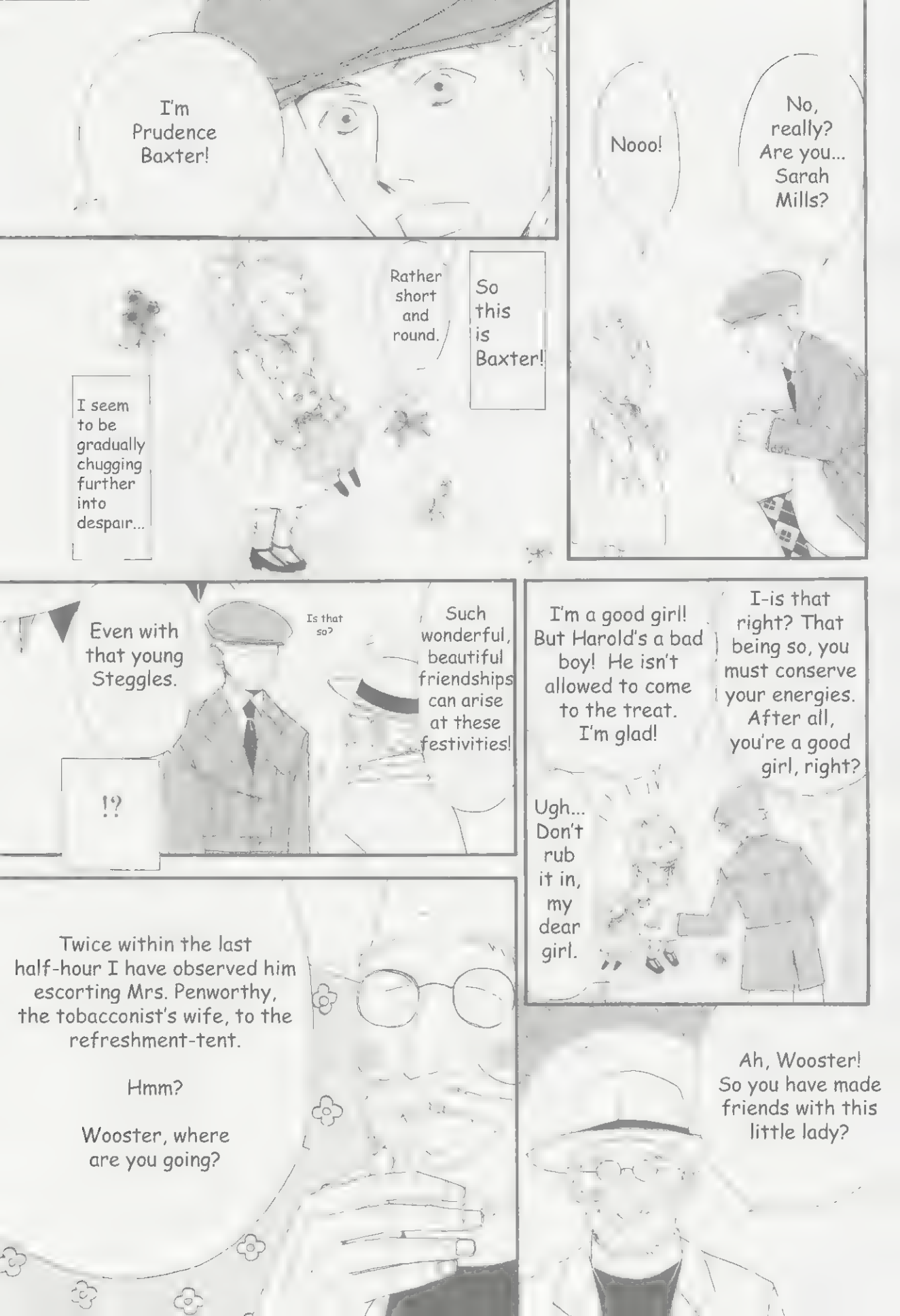
Really! Does everyone in the village know? Bingo looks to be a juicy topic for rumor.
That Little fellow is doing his best, but...
I wonder which one Mary will choose?
ICE CREAM
CREAM TEA
More importantly, though, I need to cut through to where the Mothers' Sack Race is to finish.
Hmm?
ずしっ

I won it in the lottery.
I'm going to call it Gertrude.
I shall undress it every night and put it to bed.

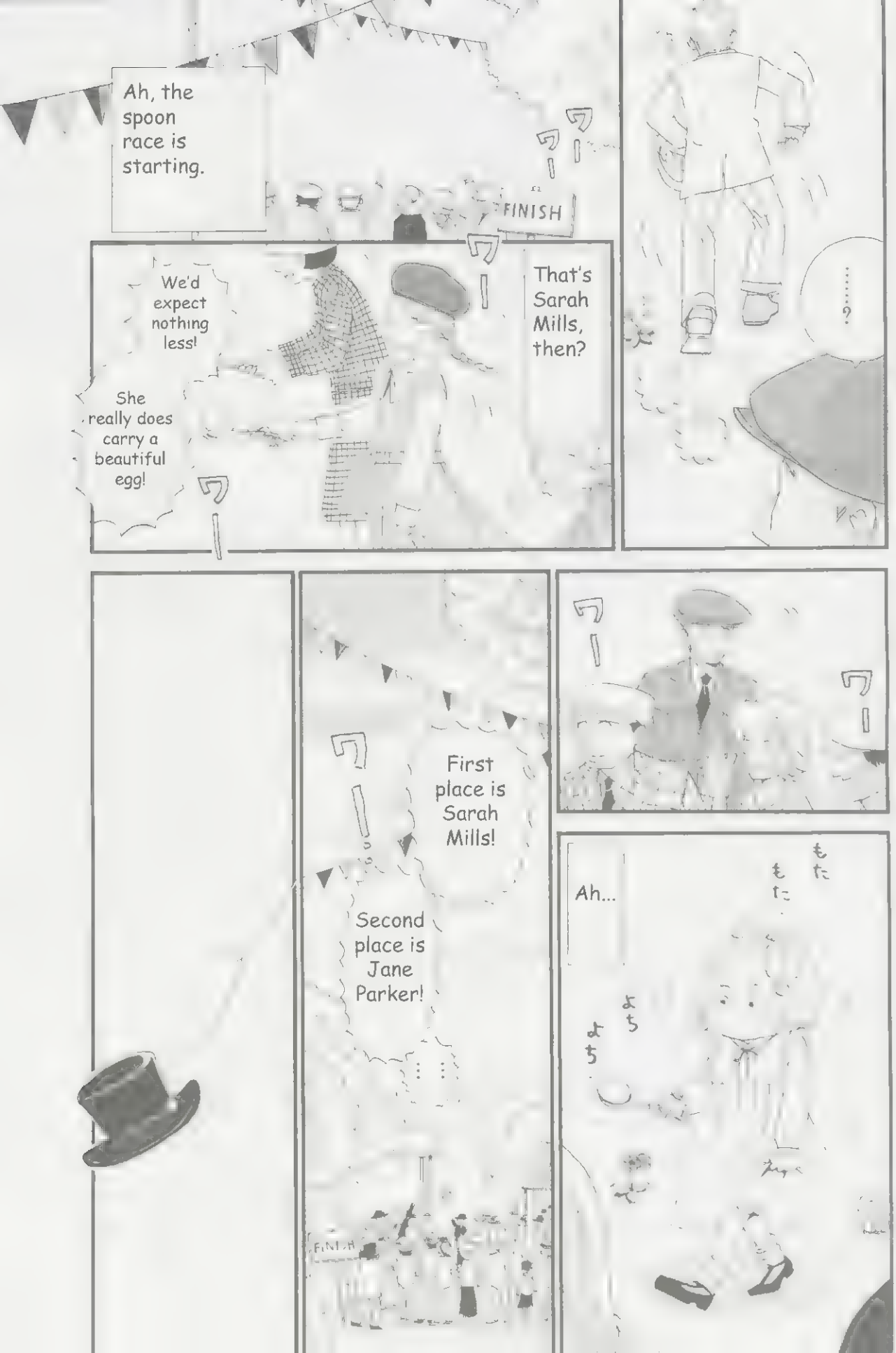
The Wooster fortunes are by way of hanging on it.
I'm rather anxious to see the finish of this race.

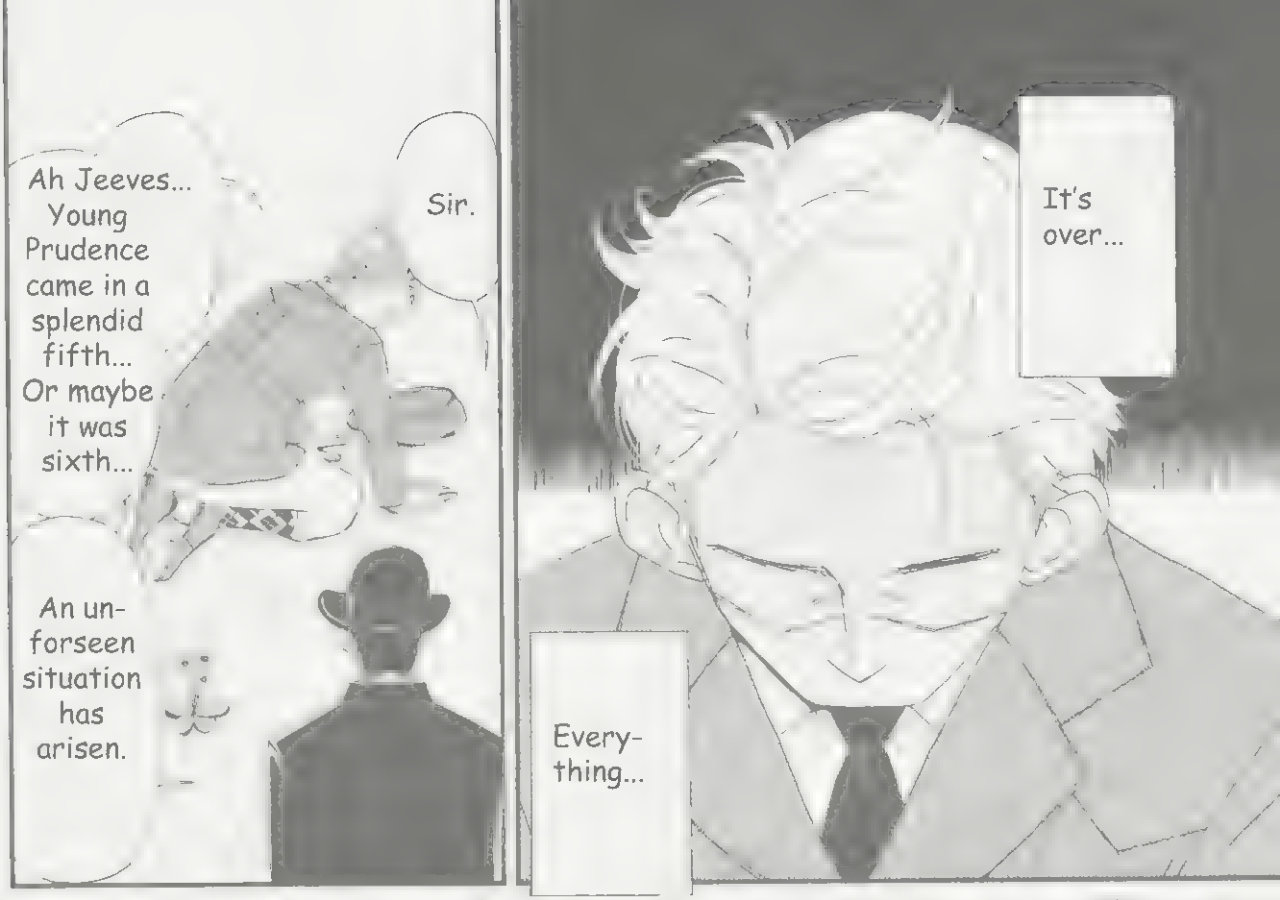

I'm going to run in the Spoon Race.

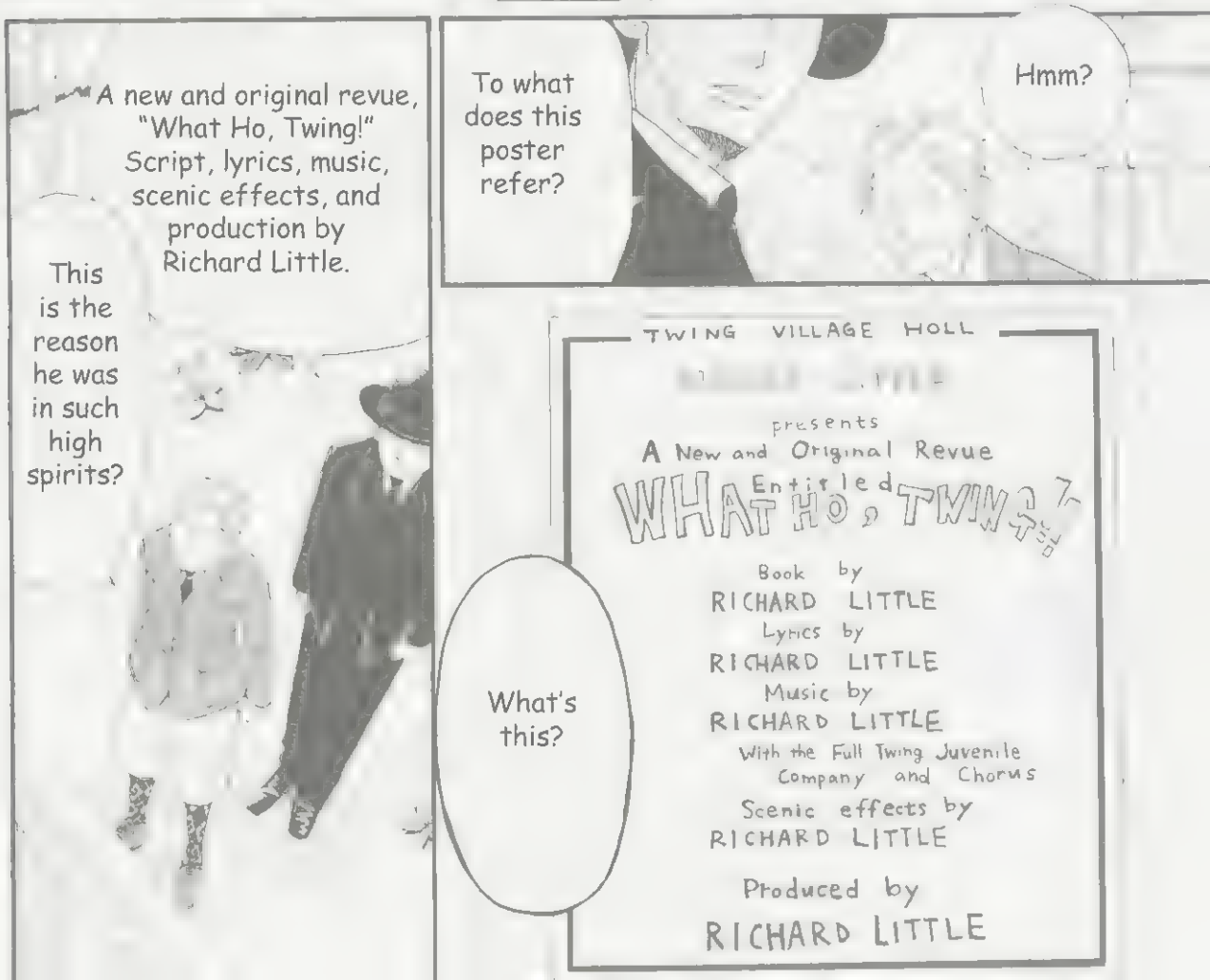

I say, old thing, I don't want to hurry you and all that, but you couldn't condense it a bit, could you?
One of my personal virtues is that children attach themselves to me. It's inevitable.
And then in the morning, I'll dress it, and then at night-

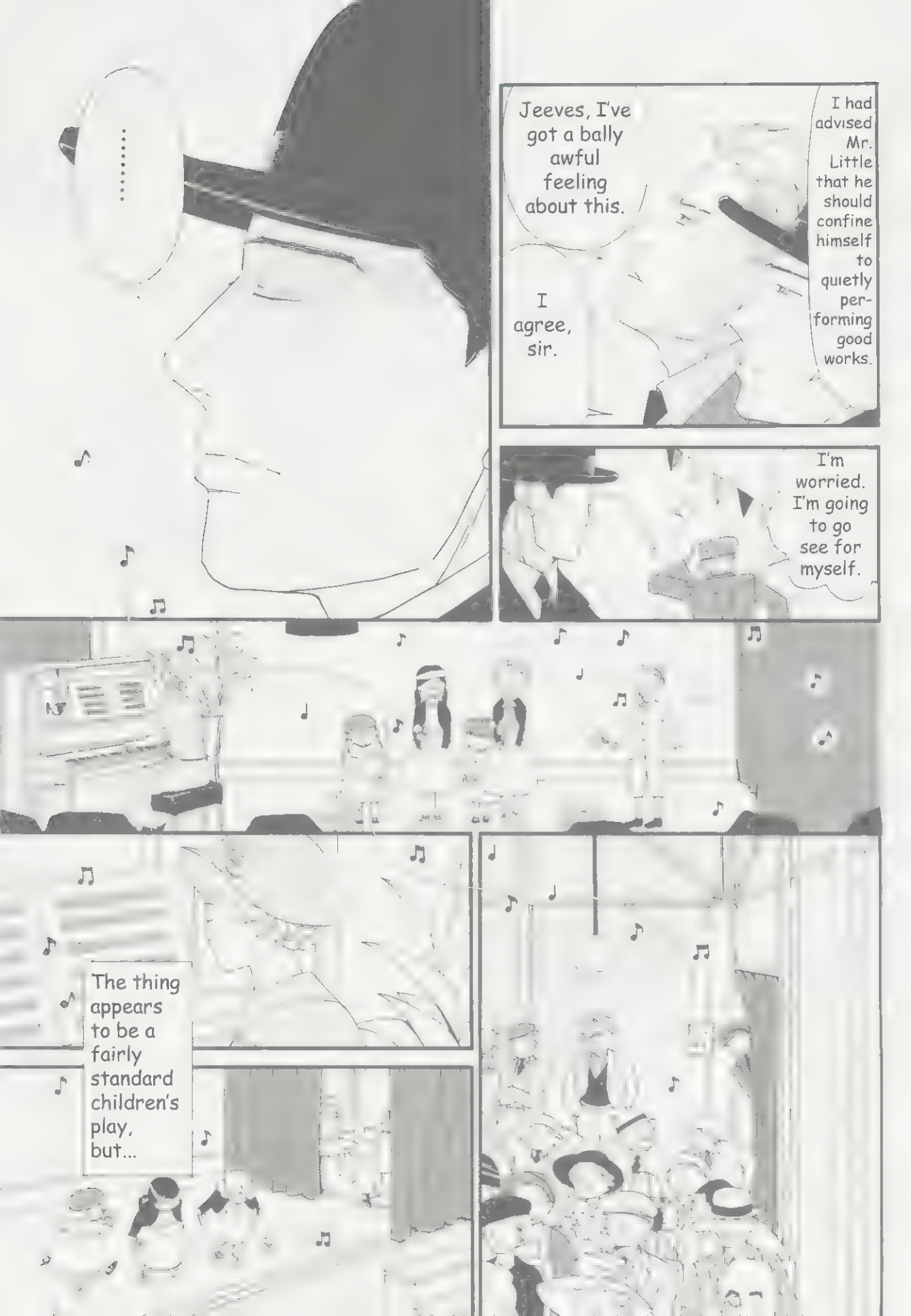

I'm Prudence Baxter!
Nooo!
No, really? Are you... Sarah Mills?
Rather short and round.
So this is Baxter!
I seem to be gradually chugging further into despair...
Even with that young Steggles.
Is that so?
Such wonderful, beautiful friendships can arise at these festivities!
!?
I'm a good girl! But Harold's a bad boy! He isn't allowed to come to the treat. I'm glad!
I-is that right? That being so, you must conserve your energies. After all, you're a good girl, right?
Ugh... Don't rub it in, my dear girl.
Twice within the last half-hour I have observed him escorting Mrs. Penworthy, the tobacconist's wife, to the refreshment-tent.
Hmm?
Wooster, where are you going?
Ah, Wooster! So you have made friends with this little lady?

I don't know. I didn't notice. It wasn't Mrs. Pen-worthy, I can tell you that!
The Mothers' Sack Race... Who won?
Ah, Bingo!
You're back!
Dash it! Just before the race, Steggles weighed her down with cake and tea.
Harold, hmm? The name has such a distant, I nostalgic wonder ring where to it... he is and what he's doing right now...
Well, thank goodness, we still have Harold!
What! You don't mean to tell me Harold's also fallen to that snake?
No matter! I'll be making headway on my real goal soon!
I've poured my heart's blood into this show... I'm going to bet everything on this performance!

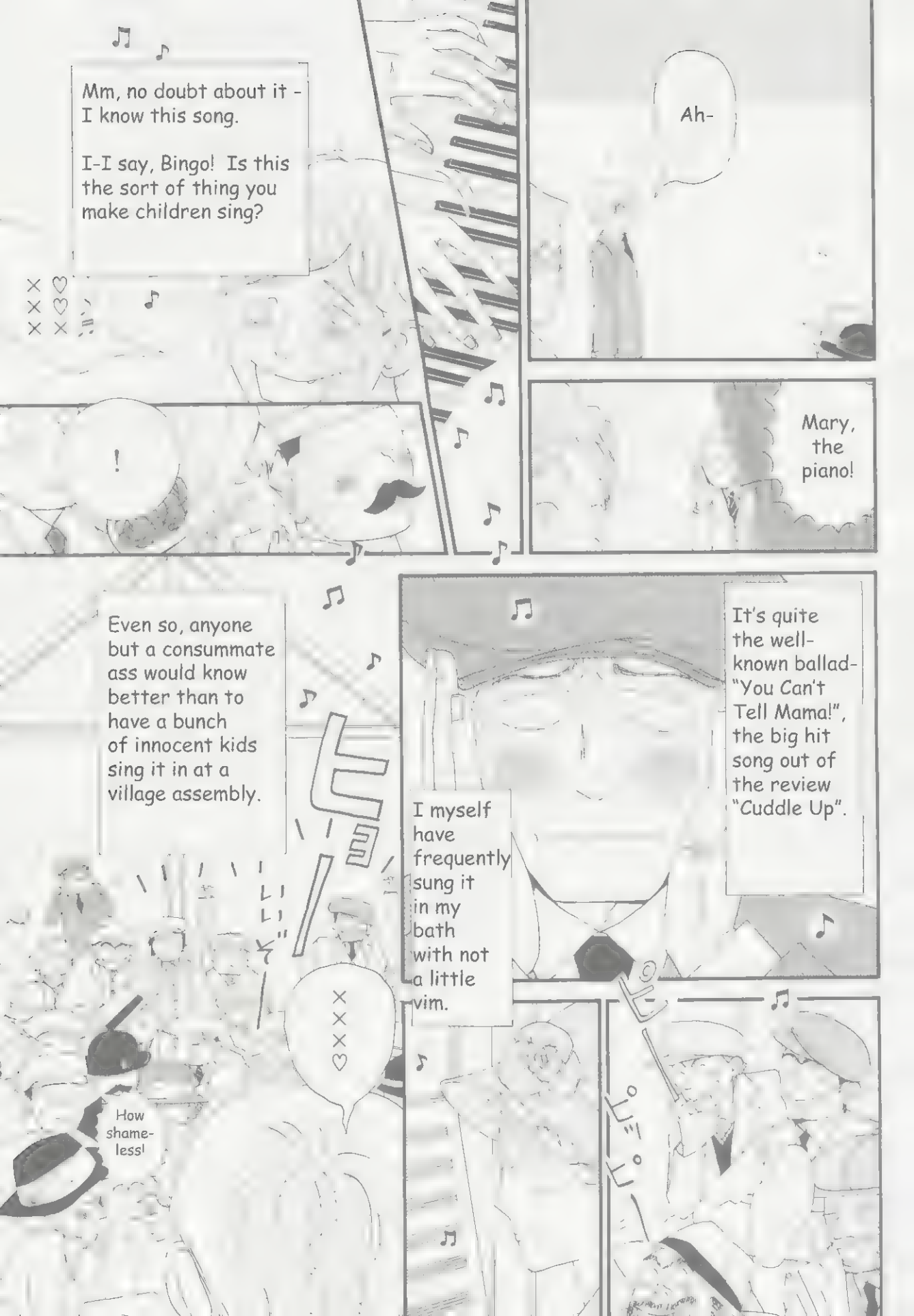

Ah, the spoon race is starting.
FINISH
That's Sarah Mills, then?
We'd expect nothing less!
She really does carry a beautiful egg!
First place is Sarah Mills!
Second place is Jane Parker!
Ah...

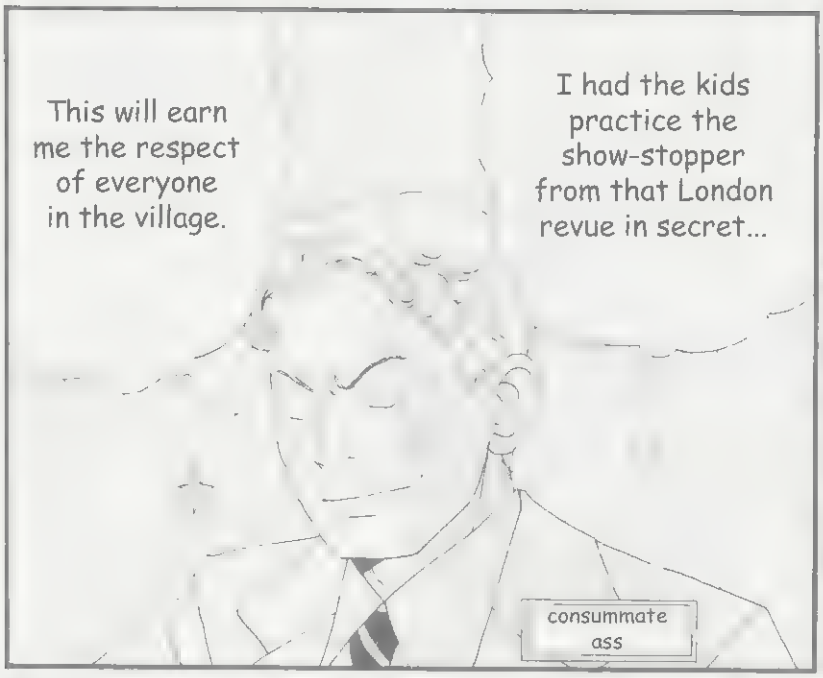

Ah Jeeves... Young Prudence came in a splendid fifth... Or maybe it was sixth...
Sir.
An unforseen situation has arisen.
It's over...
Everything...


A new and original revue, "What Ho, Twing!" Script, lyrics, music, scenic effects, and production by Richard Little.
This is the reason he was in such high spirits?
To what does this poster refer?
Hmm?
What's this?
TWING VILLAGE HOLL
presents
A New and Original Revue
Entitled
WHAT HO, TWING!
Book by
RICHARD LITTLE
Lyrics by
RICHARD LITTLE
Music by
RICHARD LITTLE
With the Full Twing Juvenile Company and Chorus
Scenic effects by
RICHARD LITTLE
Produced by
RICHARD LITTLE


.....
Jeeves, I've got a bally awful feeling about this.
I had advised Mr. Little that he should confine himself to quietly performing good works.
I agree, sir.
I'm worried. I'm going to go see for myself.
The thing appears to be a fairly standard children's play, but...

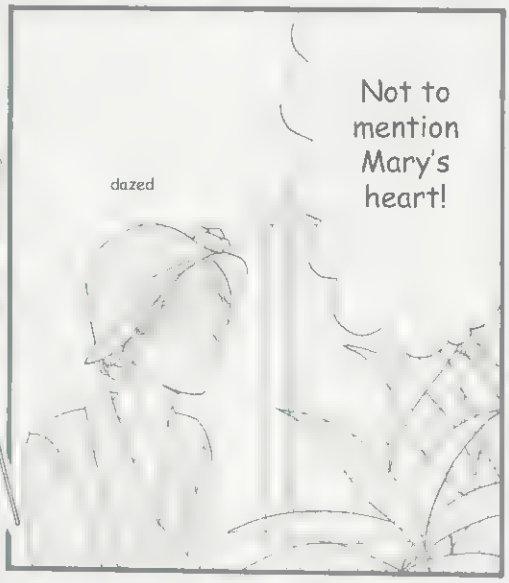
?
rustle
rustle
pop
Eh?
rustle
What happened?
What's this? This intro is...
What happened to the lights?
That's Bingo's voice.
Here now, go on! Get on the stage!
You little blighter, I'll slay you!
I don't like to. It's embarrassing!
Get out there and sing already!

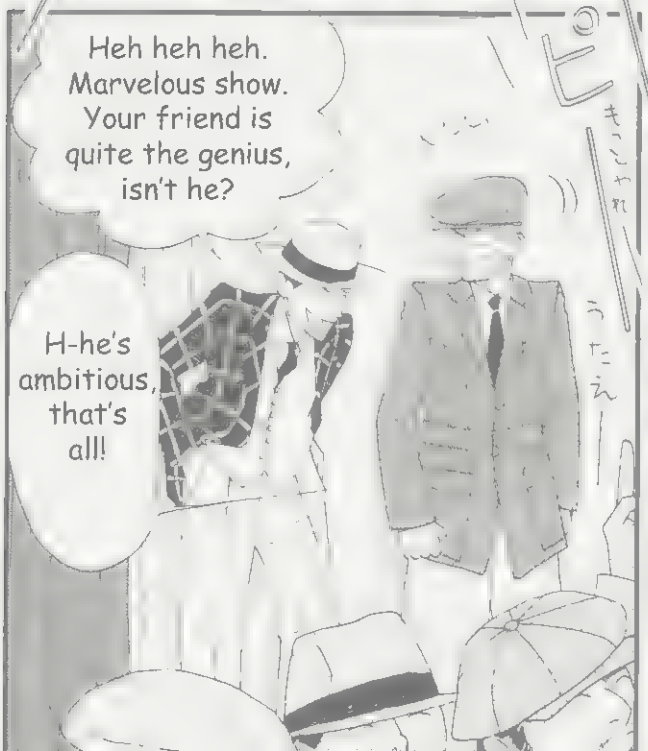

Mm, no doubt about it - I know this song.
I-I say, Bingo! Is this the sort of thing you make children sing?
!
Ah-
Mary, the piano!
Even so, anyone but a consummate ass would know better than to have a bunch of innocent kids sing it in at a village assembly.
How shame-less!
I myself have frequently sung it in my bath with not a little vim.
It's quite the well-known ballad- "You Can't Tell Mama!", the big hit song out of the review "Cuddle Up".

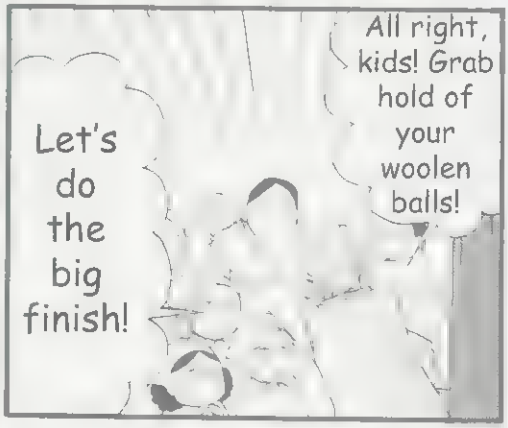

This will earn me the respect of everyone in the village.
I had the kids practice the show-stopper from that London revue in secret...
consummate ass

Heh heh... They're really getting into it.
only one section s
Fweet! That's the stuff!

Well, we meet again.
Keep it coming!
Sing!

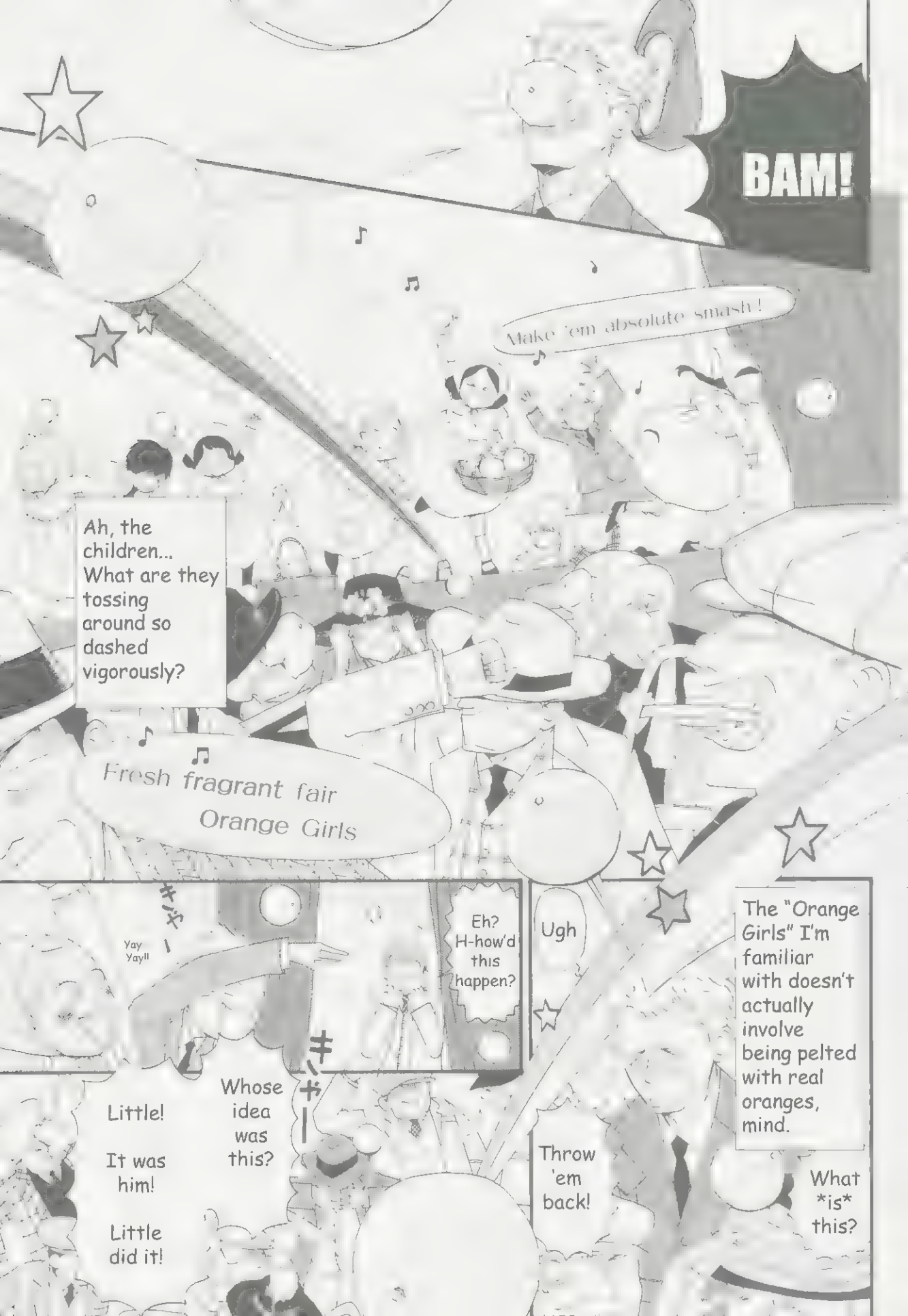

Not to mention Mary's heart!
dazed


Heh heh heh. Marvelous show. Your friend is quite the genius, isn't he?
H-he's ambitious, that's all!

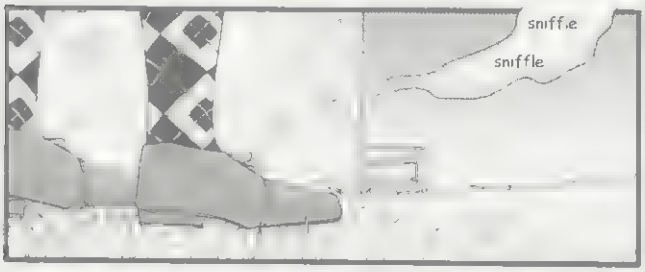

All right, kids! Grab hold of your woolen balls!
Let's do the big finish!

I don't know what you call small. He had thirty quid each way on the Baxter kid.
Badly? He only had a small bet on!
He certainly went down badly with that secret bet he placed on the spoon race.
No doubt about that.
Ladies and gentlemen!
Thirty pounds?
Sweet little Orange Girls
Oh! Bingo, this time you pinched "Orange Girls"?
The moment you've all been waiting for, here's our finale!
I say, Wooster, how about it?
Care to place a final bet?

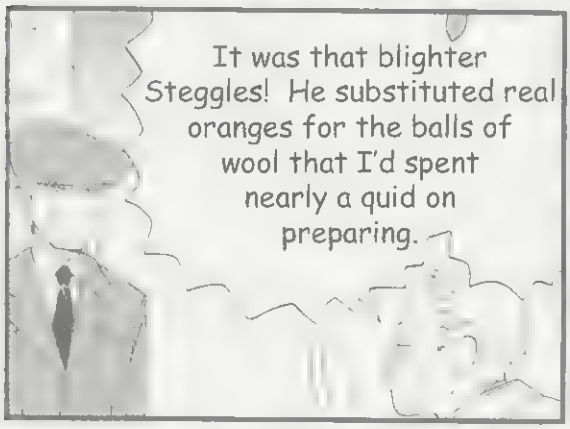
In the spirit of lucey zest
At the Cow and Horses pub, rumor has it that Wingham's well in the lead. They're laying seven to one and finding no takers.
It's a matter of some little interest down in the village.
You know about how Bingo and Wingham are circling Mary, of course?
What?
Smell and bite our spicy zests
!?
Heh heh heh.
Well, then, good luck!
Of course, I bet on Wingham. I have a kind of premonition that there's going to be a successful conclusion tonight.
We are born clever and fair
Are you telling me that down in the village they're betting on Bingo's love life?
Care for a flutter?
BAM!
A-are you going to try something again?
Take our sweet little bombs!


BAM!
Make 'em absolute smash!
Ah, the children... What are they tossing around so dashed vigorously?
Fresh fragrant fair Orange Girls
Yay Yay!!
Eh? H-how'd this happen?
Ugh
The "Orange Girls" I'm familiar with doesn't actually involve being pelted with real oranges, mind.
Whose idea was this?
Little!
It was him!
Little did it!
Throw 'em back!
What *is* this?

squelch
squelch


sniffle
sniffle

Find Little!
Toss him in the pond!
ギャ
ギャ
わ
わ

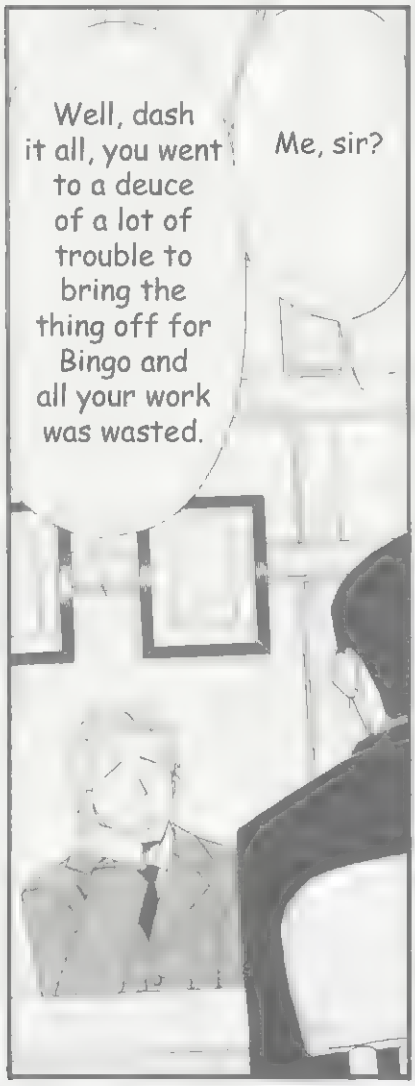

It was that blighter Steggles! He substituted real oranges for the balls of wool that I'd spent nearly a quid on preparing.

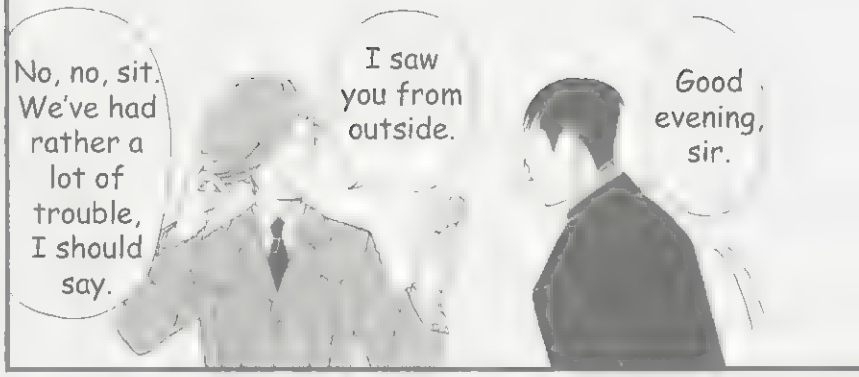
Bertie!

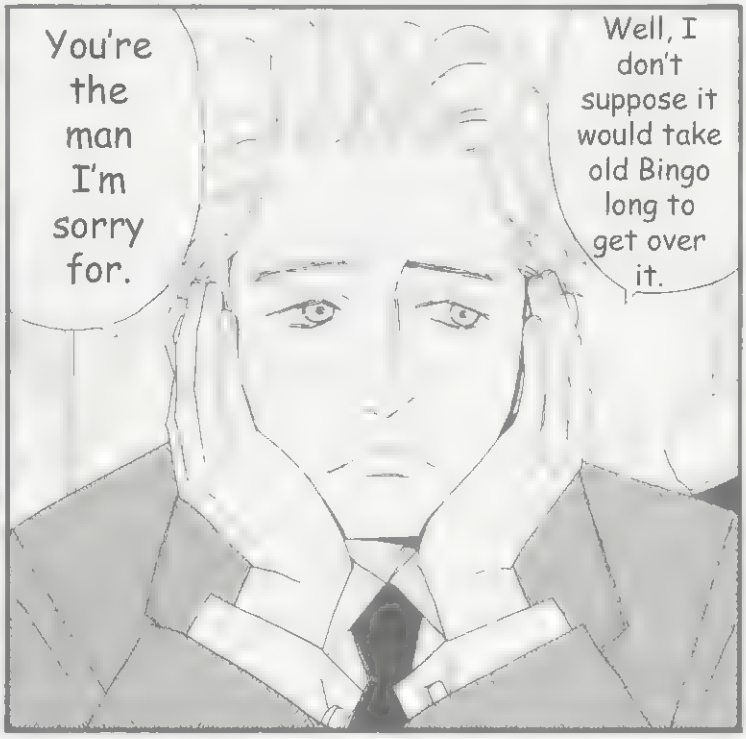
Bingo!

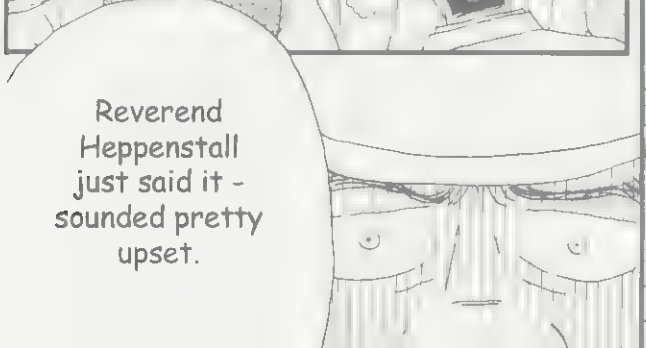
Mary was here just now...
She said she would never speak to me again.
...Bertie...

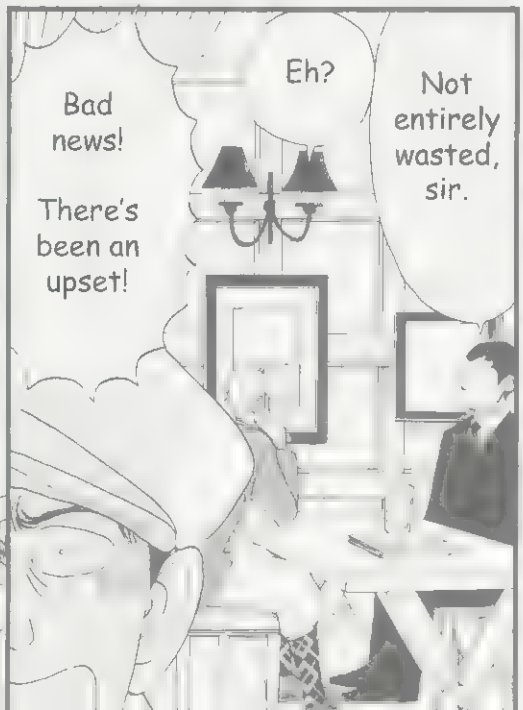
You've got to get out. And quick! The whole village is looking to turn this into a blood festival, with your blood!
That's the least of your troubles!
She ticked me off properly!
Heh heh. Thank you, Bertie... It's all right. I've got the blood of an old English bulldog breed running through my veins.
Heh...
Goodbye, Bertie!
I'll see you in London!
It'd be nice if he earned something from this but
I know how to escape!
chatter
chatter chatter
chatter
I say, Jeeves.
So this is where you were?
ard Horses











おりまってます！
錦織圭に大活躍してほしいです。
あて先
〒101-0063 東京都千代田区神田淡路町2-2-2 白泉社
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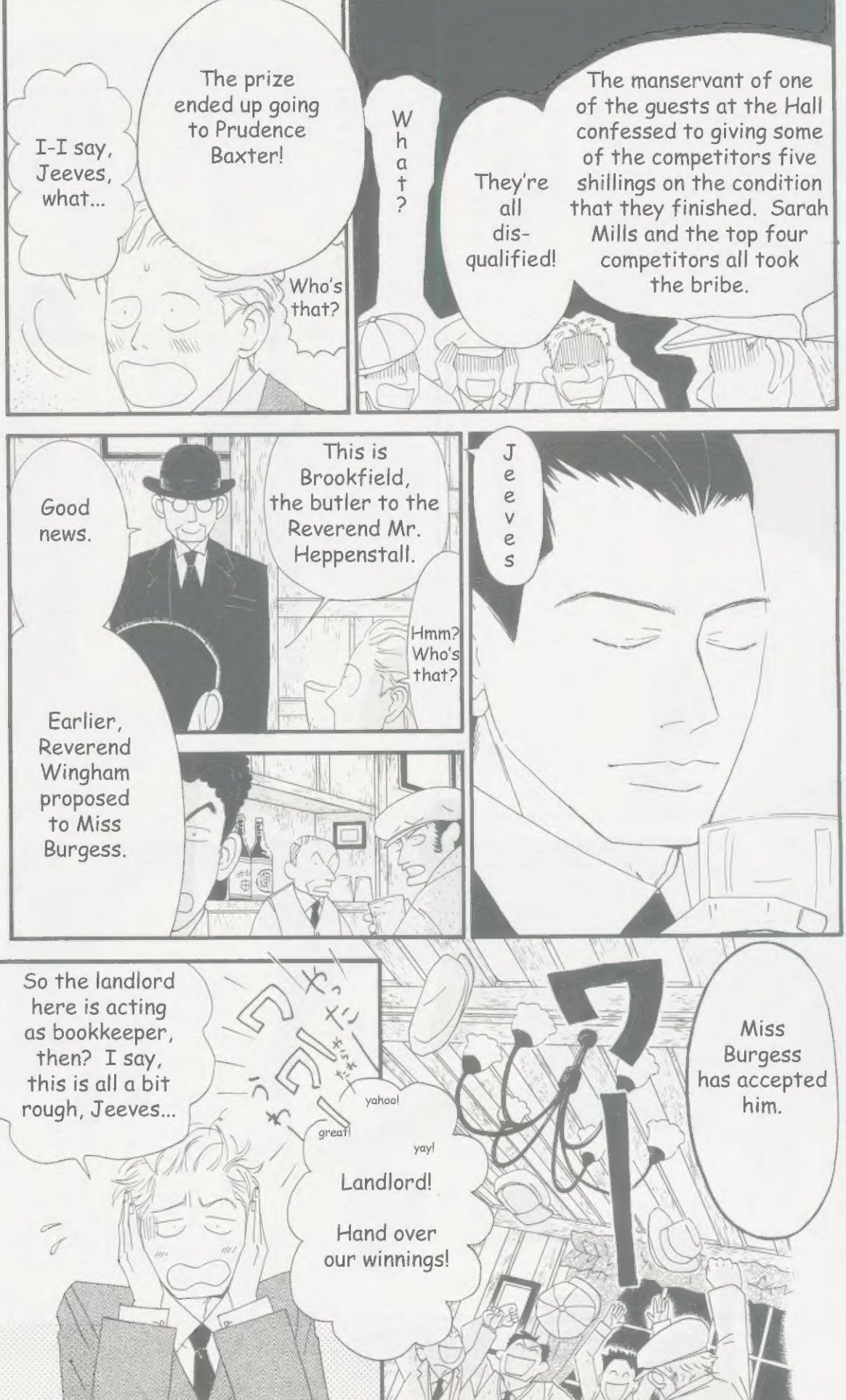
I-I say, Jeeves, what...
The prize ended up going to Prudence Baxter!
Who's that?
What?
They're all dis-qualified!
The manservant of one of the guests at the Hall confessed to giving some of the competitors five shillings on the condition that they finished. Sarah Mills and the top four competitors all took the bribe.
Good news.
This is Brookfield, the butler to the Reverend Mr. Heppenstall.
Hmm? Who's that?
Earlier, Reverend Wingham proposed to Miss Burgess.
Jeeves
So the landlord here is acting as bookkeeper, then? I say, this is all a bit rough, Jeeves...
yahoo!
great!
yay!
Landlord!
Hand over our winnings!
Miss Burgess has accepted him.

ちゃっかりしっかりの完璧執事、流石のお手並み！次号はイギリス取材のレポート漫画です♪

つづく

(to be contined)

Teach Me, Jeeves!

We will do our best so that the young ladies in the audience are able to more deeply enjoy the world of "Please, Jeeves"!

Artist: Katsuta Bun Translator: Morimura Tamaki

My employer and I will introduce you to what it means to be a valet.

Is Bertie's taste really that bad?

To Bertie, his only good aunt is his Aunt Dahlia, the proprietor and editor of the journal "Milady's Boudoir". Bertie contributed to this journal once, with an essay entitled "What the Well-Dressed Man is Wearing". Even though it was only once, he was very proud of the opportunity and occasionally made reference to it afterward, continuing to call himself a journalist. Just as in the last installment, when Bertie's cheerful polka-dotted necktie was given burial at sea, Bertie often picks out clothes and accessories that Jeeves, with his more traditional taste, finds unacceptable. Even so, he was considered smartly dressed at the time.

What were the clothes like in Bertie's time?

P.G. Wodehouse was an adolescent during the Edwardian era (Edward VII, 1901-1910). Gentlemen wore top hats and frock coats, with gloves on their hands and spats on their feet (spats beig a sort of useful decoration meant for covering the shoes, different from leggings). It was in this era that it became customary for them to carry sticks when going on visits for afternoon tea. Ladies would greet guests while wearing long, graceful dresses and corsets to squeeze their waists and make them slender. Together with the First World War and the end of the era, corsets disappeared completely, and the length of the skirts shortened. The era was replated with the "Roaring Twenties", a Jazz Age of flappers with bobbed hair, lipstick, and cigarettes. Men's clothing didn't change as much as women's clothing did, but it did become simpler. Happily, hats didn't go out of fashion until the Second World War, and gentlemen continued to wear them. In Wodehouse's work, the characters use a variety of hats, including top hats, bowlers homburgs, fedoras, trilbies, golf caps, and Tyrolean hats, as props to express their social standing, personality, and mood.

Morimura Tamaki
As a Wodehouse fan, Morimura was very happy to become the translator for Wodehouse's work. Her credentials include publishing eight Jeeves novels and featuring the airheaded, rose-and-pig loving Lord Emsworth. A collection of Wodehouse's short stories, "Eggs, Beans, and Crumpets", will come out in April.

The Stylish Prince of Wales

When the famous Edward VIII (1936), who chose to resign from his throne rather than give up Mrs. Simpson and "the love that beat the crown", was the Prince of Wales, he was a big trendsetter in the world of male fashion. He seems to have been an extremely popular figure going around in his Fair Isle sweater with no golf jacket and his Plus Fours that extended below the knee. It's said that all the important men bustling around the city's financial center wearing formal dress, such as tailcoats and top hats became the exception rather than the rule. Bertie ordered many soft silk shirts because the Prince of Wales was also wearing them, but Jeeves found them unacceptable and sent them back.

That's right, there's one more thing about hats. Because the black taxis that were a London staple weren't very tall, a law was passed that required the ceilings to be high enough that a gentleman who was six feet tall or shorter would not have to take off his top hat in order to ride. This law is still in effect today.

放映第1話ダイジェスト! 清水玲子[秘密]連続TVアニメ化最新情報

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[ニャフスキー兄弟]
mik

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横馬場リョウ
[再会]
魔夜峰央 最終回
[パタリロ源氏物語!]
小川彌生
[グルメまこんにちは]
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